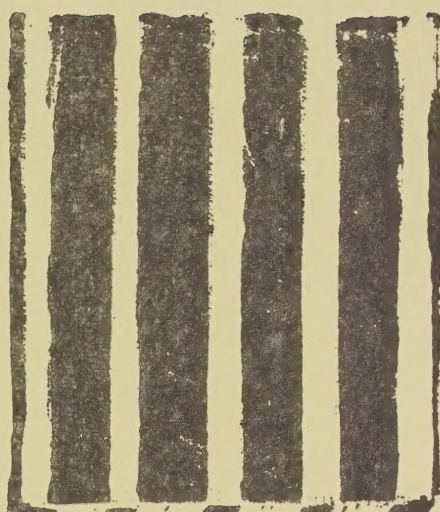


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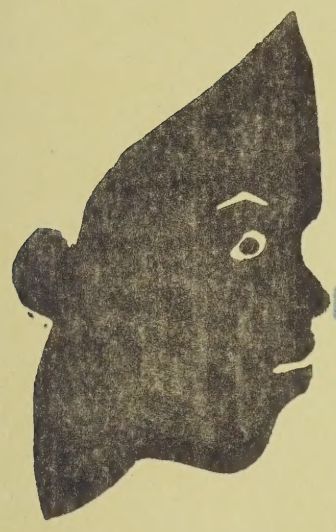
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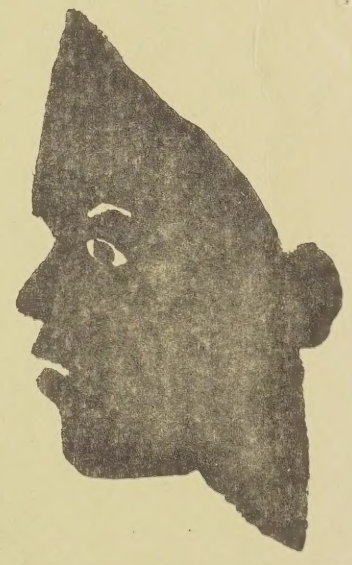
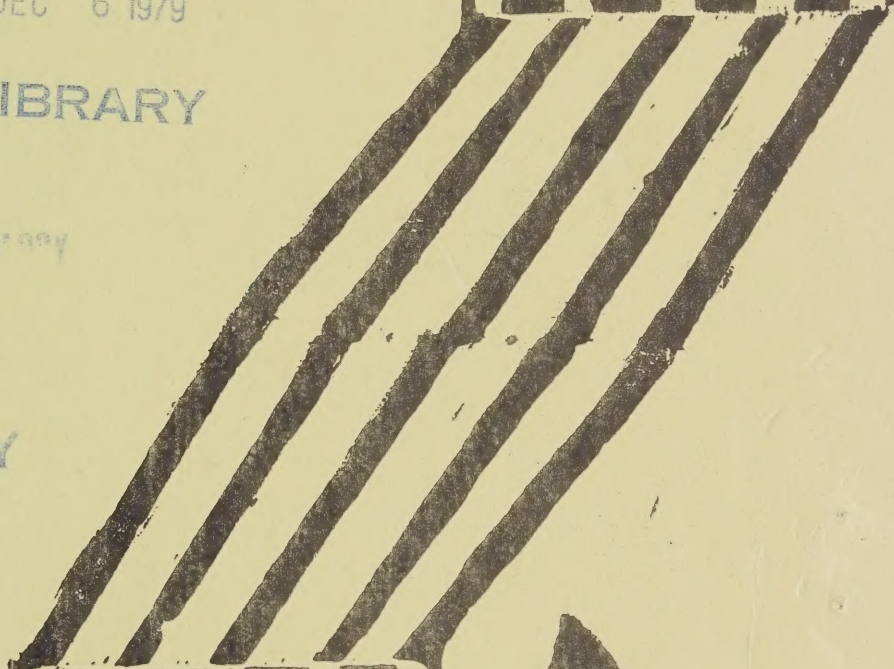
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Jane Williams '79

PRISON FOR WOMEN
KINGSTON, ONTARIO
SEPT. // OCT. 1979

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con't...

The Luna Press

Box 511, Kenmore Station
Boston, MA. 02215



14 August 9979 A.D.A.
Tinne,
Last-Quarter Moon in Taurus

Greetings!

We are pleased to announce the arrival of THE LUNAR CALENDAR: Dedicated to the Goddess in Her Many Guises. The '80 edition includes the work of: Robert Graves, Susan Griffin, Marge Piercy, Charlene Spretnak, Adrienne Rich, and Merlin Stone. We believe that these and other exciting contributions make this fourth annual edition our best to date.

We would be happy to forward a copy of the '80 edition for your review, and have provided the following as general information: the calendar is large-format, 12 X 18" printed on high quality stock, 32 pages, shot with a 200-line screen, poetry, prose, graphics, photography, and the 13 lunations for the year - including the phases of the moon, moon-rise and moon-set times, the transits of the houses of the zodiac, solstices, equinoxes, and cross-quarter days. Available from Luna Press, the calendar may be ordered directly for \$7.95 + 1.25 post & packaging. Of special interest is the fact that we will package and mail as gifts - complete with card! Wholesale orders on 10 or more copies: 40% discount, final sale; or 30% discount with returns option by 2/1/80.

Luna Press has received many requests from new calendar owners for back issues. We are now offering the remaining stock of '78 and '79 editions at half-price (3.25 and 3.50 respectively). These are the same general format, but contain completely different works of prose, poetry, and graphics.

We would like to advertise in your publication. In that our production costs have placed limitations on our ready cash flow, we would be most eager to exchange calendars for advertising space. Please contact us to consider possible forms and combinations of exchange.

Due to the most unfortunate dissolution of Women in Distribution, our major distributor, we will be doing our own distribution this year, and would greatly appreciate any ways in which you might help "pass the word" of her arrival!

Luminous Blessings to you in your work!)

Nancy
Nancy F. W. Passmore
editor/publisher
(617) 254-1622

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Sept./ Oct./ 1979

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TIGHTWIRE is published six times a year by TIGHTWIRE: Publications, Prison for Women, Kingston, Ontario. The contents are compiled by the inmates staff from a variety of sources: their own writing, those of other prisoners (both from the Prison for Women and other jails), newspaper and magazine articles and submissions from outside contributions. The views expressed are those of the particular writers or artist, which may or may not conform to the opinions of the Administration and the Correctional Services of Canada.

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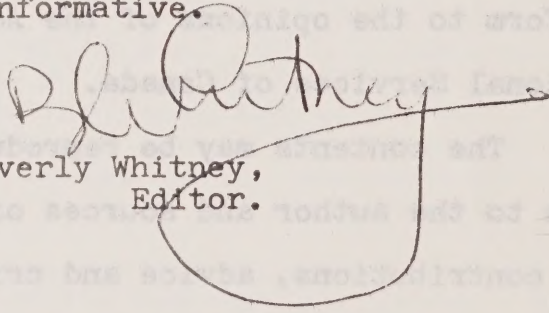
MEMBER
COSMEP
COMMITTEE OF SMALL MAGAZINE
EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS
BOX 703 SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94101

EDITORIAL

This issue of Tightwire would not have been possible without the direction of Jocelyn, the former editor and the assistance of Diane Perron.

Without Phyllis and Anna nothing would have been typed and there would be no illustrations without Rosemary and Jane.

So having given credit where credit is due, I hope the selection of articles are found to be interesting. We received a great deal of material from people in other institutions as well as our own. I found working on this issue challenging and enjoyable and I, in turn, hope you find it interesting and informative.


Beverly Whitney,
Editor.

July 28 79

TIGHTWIRE Staff

Dear Ones,

I appreciate your informative magazine completely. Enclosed is a check for four dollars to renew my subscription.

Can anyone help me? I am trying to put a book together concerning the treatment (mis-treatment) of women in prison. Perhaps some of you remember my article in the 78 May/June/July/August issue of Tightwire.

I would like to change the public attitude toward people with a prison experience. My own attitude has changed. I now realize that a person who can rise above this experience, a person who can survive it, has to be a very special and superior sort of person.

I have two paper back mysteries on the market here in the States and if I can help and encourage anyone with their own writing I would be very happy to do so.

All best wishes,

Phyllis
Phyllis Swan Pettit
Shady Shanty R2
Van Buren Mo 63965 USA

1st October '79

Kingston, Ont.

Dear Reader,

Not long after my open letter appealing for support for my Parole had been published, I was given Parole. I heartily thank all the sympathizers and inmates who gave me so much moral support. I shall soon go back to Hong Kong where I shall pursue my art career. I have waited for this day for a long time and I shall certainly make good use of my time.

I am glad that the Tightwire have voiced some of my opinions, and opinions of other inmates. Only then could it be a paper for the inmates.

Nothing is too personal except that which a person herself thinks so. Our Court cases and Parole problems are not personal, but individual, and every individual is important. The mass is made up of many different individuals. If every individual is properly accounted for, then the mass is well taken care of.

Sincerely,

Rose Wu.

Rose Wu



Student government since 1858

September 4, 1979.

Tightwire Publications
Box 515
Kingston, Ontario
K7L 4W7

Dear Editor:

I would like to compliment you on your latest issue of Tightwire which I read when it came to our office for the Queen's Women's Centre. Having had a great deal of experience with "in house" publications like yours, I was impressed with the breadth of topics included and the general enthusiasm which you and your co-workers obviously put into the magazine.

Could you please add my name to your subscription list? I am enclosing a cheque for \$4.00.

Thank you, and good luck with your next issue. I'll look forward to receiving and reading it.

All the best,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Elinor".

Elinor Mahoney
AMS Researcher

Alma Mater Society
University Centre
Queen's University
Kingston, Ontario

THE JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY...COLLINS BAY CHAPTER

CHAIRMAN...TOM FRENCH

ORGANIZED AND OPERATED
BY
FEDERAL PRISONERS:

Jocelyne Terrade
Editor/ Tightwire
Prison for Women
P.O. Box 515
Kingston, Ont.
K7L 4W7

THE J.H.S. COLLINS BAY CHAPTER,
C/O SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT,
P.O. BOX # 190, KINGSTON, ONT.
K7L 4V9 DATE AUGUST 1/79

Re: SPRINGBOARD TRAVEL
SERVICE

Dear Jocelyne;

A recent problem with Springboard Travel Service, brought to the attention of the John Howard Society...Collins Bay Chapter by Dick DeShaw concerns persons reserving seats and then not showing up on the required date.

Dick informed us that this is fast becoming a major problem and he feels that perhaps the people who are getting visits through the Springboard Travel Service can ask their friends, wives and families to try their best and use the seat they reserve. Because of the way things are going, other people wishing to use the Springboard bus cannot, even if the seats are empty. This being because the ride has already been reserved. So, whether we like it or not, Prisoner's wives, husbands, families and friends are stopping other CONS people from getting a visit, just by their not phoning in time to cancel a reservation.

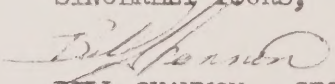
We appeal to you, the Prisoners of all the Penitentiaries in this region to make your people aware that they are hurting other CONS, not to mention their own friends and loved ones.

As a suggestion, perhaps you can post a notice on this matter and pass the word to those people you know use the Springboard Service. We do not want to lose this great service and neither does Springboard want to start refusing people rides because they have booked trips and far too often have not shown up when the bus arrives.

As Editor of the Tightwire, maybe you will consider entering an article having to do with this matter, in your next issue. That would most certainly be appreciated.

I thank-you for your time and consideration for reading this letter, and we will be looking forward to reading the next issue of Tightwire.

SINCERELY YOURS;


BILL SHANNON...SECRETARY

OUR FACES BELONG TO OUR BODIES

Our faces belong to our bodies,
Our faces belong to our lives.

Our faces are blunted.
Our bodies are stunted.
We cover our anger with smiles.

Our faces belong to our bodies.
Our faces belong to our lives.

Our anger is changing our faces, our bodies.
Our anger is changing our lives.

Women who scrub have strong faces
Women who type have strong faces
Women with children have strong faces
Women who love have strong faces.

Women who laugh have strong faces
Women who fight have strong faces
Women who cry have strong faces
Women who die have strong faces.

Our love is changing our faces, our bodies.
Our love is changing our lives.

Our sisters are changing our faces, our bodies.
Our sisters are changing our lives.

Our anger is changing our faces, our bodies.
Our anger is changing our lives.

Our power is changing our faces, our bodies.
Our power is changing our lives.

Our struggle is changing our faces, our bodies.
Our struggle is changing our lives.

From: "Our Bodies, Ourselves"

By the Boston Women's Health Book Collective

ON RETURNING THE DEATH PENALTY

"Justice will again be found in the courts. But the Lord defends me; my God protects me. He will punish them for their wickedness and destroy them for their sins."

Good News Bible

Psalm 94

Verses: 15, 22, 23.

Last April, the Canadian Police Association launched an advertising and public opinion campaign to urge politicians and voters to hold a referendum on returning the death penalty. Advertising was done on a national level; candidates were questioned on their views, and people were asked to vote - regardless of political party - for those who would support a referendum. The Association asked for capital punishment for all cases of premeditated murder, or murder committed during the commission of a crime.

In 1976, the act to abolish the death penalty was passed. It was felt that it did not prevent murders, and in many instances, its final and absolute severity deterred juries from recommending it as the maximum penalty. Non-capital sentences were made much more severe. First degree murder now carries a mandatory life sentence with no parole for 25 years.

The President of the Canadian Police Association claimed that the free vote in 1976 was a farce, because the Solicitor-General and Justice Minister at the time, both threatened to resign if it were

On Returning the Death Penalty (con't)

reinstated. If the referendum failed to mirror the police stand, Jamieson said he would resign, and the issue would never be raised by the police again.

When Parliament convenes in October, it will be asked to return executions for murder but in a manner "less barbarous" than hanging.

"Listen to the groans of the
prisoners and by Your Great
Power, free those who are con-
demned to die."

Good News Bible

Psalm 79

Verse 11

by: Daryl Newstead

Sault Ste. Marie Jail

I walked through the front door full of dreams with an open
mind.

Putting myself above and below no one.

Hoping to accept and be accepted without bias.

Trying to fill shoes which were impossible to fill.

"Tread softly dear, you mustn't be like him, but he was the
greatest!"

And he was.

So I don't try to imitate anyone.

Though they think I cannot see...

I am not blind to the evil here.

But I also see the good.

If we are not human what are we?

I feel the brunt of animosity,

But I am not ashamed.

I tread alone.

I feel lonely but I feel safe,

Because God knows.

And that's all I care about.

Anon

PROJECT RECONCILIATION

Last April the Rev. Alan began a project at 100 Sydenham Street. Briefly, the purpose of the program is to have an informal meeting place on Saturday nights to fill the time pleasantly for out of town visitors staying over for the Sunday visit. Light refreshments are served, and I understand the evening consists of cards, chess, checkers, scrabble, and yahtze.

Since there is no cost to the visitors, it is a way to break the boredom of being alone in a hotel room waiting for the Sunday visit.

Rev. Alan has been working in the inner city in prisons since 1953. He has received the Sertoma Club's "Service to Mankind" award, and was Hamilton's "Citizen of the Year."

This is, I'm sure, going to be a great service to travellers seeing inmates in the Kingston area. The Church doors open at 6:30 PM and it goes on till at least 11:00 PM. It is in the basement of the First Baptist Church.

Perhaps you can suggest to your family and friends staying over, to drop in and have a coffee and maybe play a little cards.....

THE GAME

Here I sit, with only time as companion and company, on those lonely days and nights.

Look around but only see phoney nobodys and people just vegetating, just nothing in here.

People making friends with others they wouldn't give the time of day to outside these walls.

My love said to me once that you lose something once you've been here, but at that time I didn't understand.

Now that I've been here, I believe I do.

I think they've all forgotten what it's like to be a human being with a heart and feeling;

They become 'raving animals' , with a sheet of metal around their hearts instead of love and compassion.

Their only interest in life is themselves, and planning out their next game and the poor innocent prey that's their next victim.

Only thing you can call them is vultures - all trying to pick out the weakest ones.

What some of these so-called people lack is someone to really love other than themselves.

I love someone very unique; they're strong where I'm weak, and vice versa. With my love I'm untouchable, they all can circle and hover waiting for me to give in, but they'll tire before I will;

I'm much too strong and stubborn to just lay down and give in. See my future isn't here; my life dosen't revolve in here; I know where I'm going and what I'm doing.

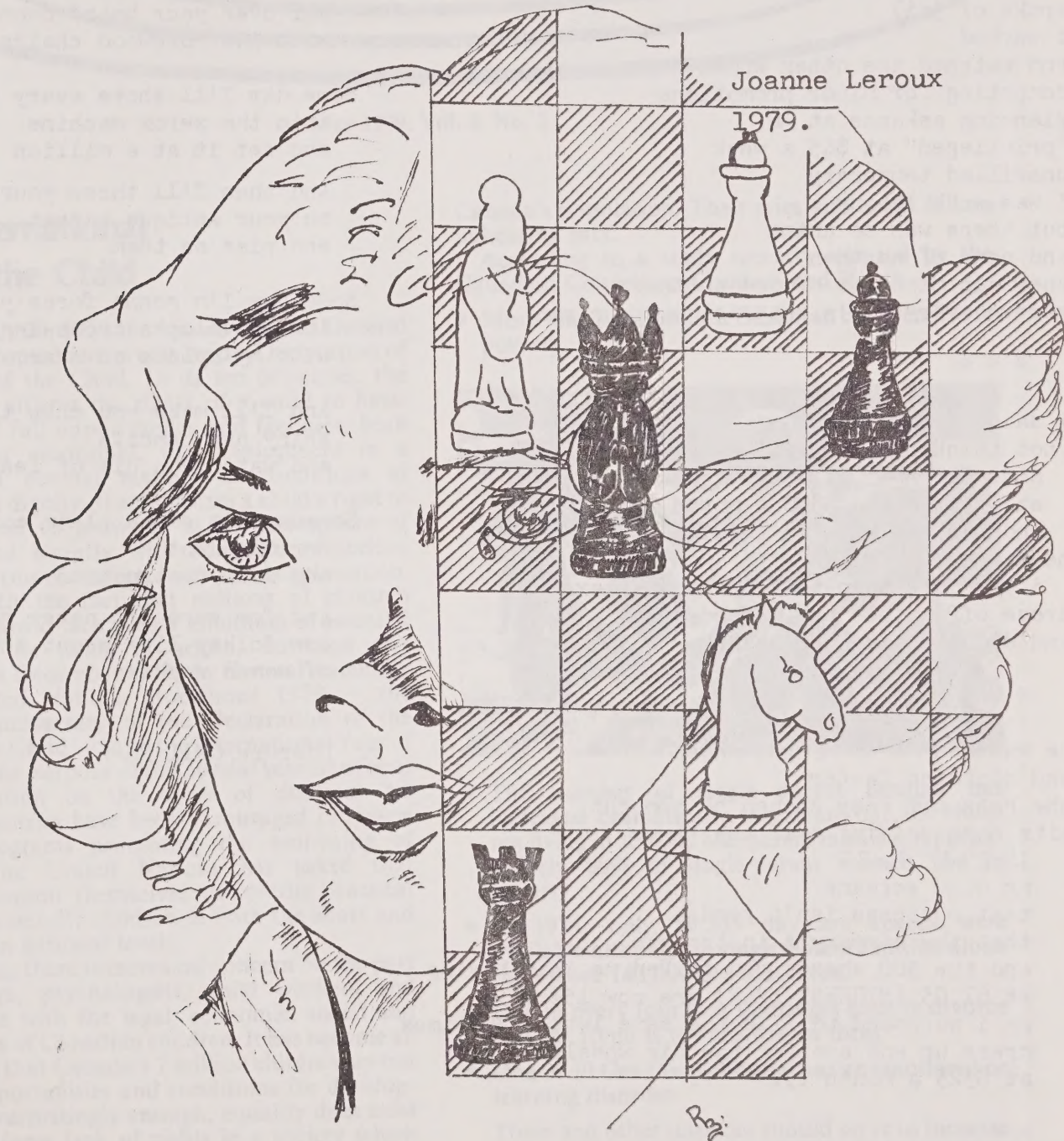
See all they do is plan another game.

There is a tomorrow for me, but not for them; their future lies within these walls, planning out their next game.

The Game (con't):

Only here they think they are something.

As for me I'm waiting for my love; and together we'll get as far away from this nightmare as possible, and live together as one.



Joanne Leroux
1979.

R.B.

ROSEMARY BENNETT '79

SECRETARIAL TRAINING:

'65 - '70

My first job
set up by a friend's father
for the "poor kid" fresh outa high school
so confused I got two social insurance numbers
the personnel man alarmed
spoke of jail
i worked
and watched the other women
competing for minor promotions
glancing askance at me
"privileged" at \$45 a week
unskilled temporary
i was scab labour
but there was no union
and none of us then
knew our mistrust of one another
served everybody's interest but our own

* * *

i said to him
(not thinking of myself of course)
did you know
she only makes \$300 a month
and has two kids to feed?
he laughed
i pay more than that in income tax
drove off in his new mercedes
and didn't raise her salary

* * *

he watched me as my pen shook
and dictated faster
she gets off easy enough he thought
sits here reading half the time
IS IT MY FAULT
my mind screams
that business isn't good
that the company's in trouble
and the 500 shares you talked me into buying
at \$1.05 (HIGHEST EVER) are now 15¢ ...
am i supposed to file the same letter 30 times
dress up and coo for the big wheels
at \$325 a month ... ???

* * *

GET YOUR OWN GODDAMN COFFEE!!!

Shirley Miller

SOME DAY

Some day I'm gonna stand up on my desk
take all my clothes off
and hurl the typewriter at your head
And I'll squirt gestetner ink
all over your board room
with its rosewood chairs

Some day I'll shove every paper clip
into the xerox machine
and set it at a million
And then I'll throw your file cabinets
on your antique carpet
and piss on them

Some day I'm gonna force you to lick
1000 envelopes cross-legged
with my nylons on dear

And I'll make you chew three dozen
shiny new pencils
and watch you die of lead poisoning

Someday I'm gonna claim compensation
for mind rot
and soul destruction

And for sure I'm never gonna write
one folksy line about the heroism
of women workers

Dierdre Gallagher

WOMEN'S BUREAU NEWSLETTER

Women's
Bureau

400 University Ave.
Toronto, Ontario
M7A 1T7
(416) 965-1537

May 1979, Vol. 4, No. 2

1979 International Year of the Child

On November 20, 1959 the United Nations General Assembly adopted and proclaimed a Declaration of the Rights of the Child. In its ten principles, the Declaration affirms the rights of a child to basic provision of full opportunities and facilities, both physical and emotional, for development in a healthy and normal manner in conditions of freedom and dignity. It emphasizes a child's right to education and to grow up in an atmosphere of affection and security with adequate protection against all forms of neglect, cruelty and exploitation.

Faced with the fact that millions of children around the world lack even a minimum of essential services in the fields of health, nutrition and education, in December 1976, the General Assembly of the United Nations proclaimed 1979 — the twentieth anniversary of the Declaration of the Rights of the Child — to be the International Year of the Child. The purpose of this special year is to focus world attention on the needs of children. All member countries have been encouraged to review existing programs promoting the well-being of children. The United Nations has asked that countries commit themselves to specific practical measures to benefit children in both the short and long term on national levels.

In Canada, there is increased concern on the part of educators, psychologists, child workers and governments with the legal, economic, social and health status of Canadian children. It has become all too obvious that Canada's 7 million children are not equal in opportunities and conditions for development. Yet, surprisingly enough, equality does exist in their uniform lack of rights in a society which prides itself on the rights of the individual.

Canadian children are discriminated against as persons with virtually no rights in our society. How many of us still believe in the old cliché that "Children should be seen, not heard"? Our society tends to ignore the ideas and opinions of one third of

Canada's population. Their cries and needs fall on unhearing ears.

According to a study recently released by the Canadian Council on Children and Youth —

- More than a 1½ million Canadian children live in poverty.



- The number of single parent families has increased dramatically. There are 631,360 children living in 300,000 one-parent families. Approximately 60% of single-parent women live in poverty.
- In 1974, only 50,303 day-care spaces were available although in single-parent families alone there were 143,000 pre-schoolers.
- One in every four first marriages ends in divorce and the trend is toward one in three.
- One in 10 Canadian children has an emotional or learning disorder.

These and other statistics should serve to increase our awareness, our concern and our determination to improve the lot of the child in Canada. Although the trend today is to greater joint-parenting, traditionally, women have played the more prominent role in the child-rearing process. Therefore, it seems appropriate to dedicate this issue of the

Women's Bureau Newsletter to the International Year of the Child. It attempts to highlight some of the more pressing concerns of children and changes that are being introduced in Ontario to secure legal rights for children and improve their condition.

Legal Rights for Children in Ontario's Recently Revised Child Welfare Legislation

Elizabeth Anne Sheffield,
*Children's Services Division,
Ministry of Community and Social Services*

The term 'children's rights' has many different meanings for different people. Some would define the concept very broadly as a child's 'right' to be properly cared for and nurtured by loving adults. Others feel that the term implies the guaranteeing of a high degree of personal autonomy to children. Still others use the words in a very narrow legal sense as encompassing those legal procedures which may be guaranteed for use by children in formal judicial or administrative actions. While each one of these approaches is a legitimate use of the term 'children's rights', this article will examine the last meaning as it is reflected in Ontario's recently revised *Child Welfare Act*.

The Children's Services Division is committed, in its development of programmes for children, to the principle of involvement of those children whenever decisions are being made which will affect the child's life. This does not mean that the Division's policies recommend the abdication of what should be an adult responsibility to make decisions about a child's life. Rather, those adults involved in making decisions about children should explain the issue to the child, seek the opinion of the child and then fairly consider the child's views in their own decision-making. Such an approach, modified to suit the social and psychological development of each child, recognizes a capability in all but the very young to plan for their own lives. Such an active involvement of children in decision-making can also be a good way to teach children to make responsible decisions for themselves.

Ontario's *Child Welfare Act* was revised by the Legislature in December, 1978. The new statute, which is due to be put into force June 1, 1979, includes many provisions which would guarantee that a child who is the subject of a child welfare proceeding would be involved, and heard, in those proceedings.

The new *Child Welfare Act* specifically permits a child to have separate legal representation, usually by a lawyer, in any child protection matter. Children in Ontario are equally entitled, with adults to retain their own lawyers. Since it may be particularly important for a child to have his or her own lawyer in a child welfare case where the parents' interests may

be at variance with those of the child the new statute confirms this 'right' of a child to separate representation. The statute goes on to allow a judge, if he or she thinks it desirable given the circumstances of the case, to appoint separate counsel for a child. A lawyer can help to ensure that a child's voice is heard in the proceedings and that all options available to a child are considered.

The new statute contains many specific procedural provisions which either require or permit the involvement of a child in a child welfare proceeding. Children over the age of ten years are to be given formal notice of a child welfare court hearing unless that notice would be injurious to the child's emotional well-being. The giving of notice to a child would require the social worker to explain the proposed action to the child. Similarly, children over the age of ten years are to be present at the hearing, unless it can be shown that it is in their best interest not to be present.

Children over the age of twelve years are given the opportunity in several provisions of the new *Child Welfare Act*, to initiate court proceedings on their own behalf. Section 35 permits such a child who is in the care or under the supervision of a Children's Aid Society to apply to the court for an order regarding the right of a parent to visit the child. Two other sections allow children over the age of twelve who are wards of a Children's Aid Society or of the Crown to apply to the court to have this legal status reviewed. This is not a substitute for an appeal of wardship order. Instead it is meant as an avenue, after a child has been a ward for some time (a minimum of six months), for a child to have that wardship reassessed by the court due to new circumstances in the child's life. A child still requires the intervention of an adult to commence an appeal of an order under the *Child Welfare Act*.

Finally, the written consent of a child over the age of twelve years is required whenever a Children's Aid Society assumes the voluntary care of that child outside of a court hearing. In such cases, the child's parents enter into a written agreement with the Society setting out respective rights and responsibilities. Older children will be required to consent to such agreements. They may also withdraw such consent and request a review of the agreement by either the Minister of Community and Social Services or by the Children's Aid Society.

All of these provisions serve to formally guarantee that children involved in child welfare matters will have their opinions about what should happen to them heard. The successful operation of these provisions depends upon their responsible interpretation to children by adults and upon their mature use by children themselves.

Childcare in Ontario

In 1951, with only 15% of married women working outside the home, there was small need for extensive

childcare facilities. The average household size was considerably larger at that time and often included grandparents or other extended family members. Thus, there was usually someone to care for the children should both parents be employed.

Today, 52% of all women in Ontario over the age of 15 are in the labour force. The participation rate of women aged 25-44 (the chief child-bearing and child-rearing years) is 63.6%. It is estimated that at least 40% of working women are mothers. Obviously, childcare facilities have become a necessity and not a luxury for families today.

In Ontario there are basically two types of out-of-home childcare: private home daycare, and licensed day care centres or nursery schools.

A 'private home' is generally a home in your neighbourhood or near your place of work, where the children of one or more families are cared for during the day. This type of child care is not licensed by the Province, but there is a requirement that no more than five children be cared for in one home.

Daycare centres and nursery schools are licensed under the *Day Nurseries Act of Ontario*. They must meet basic standards in health and safety, food and security. They must also provide approved activities to stimulate the child's mental, physical and social development. The supervisory staff members are required to have training in early childhood education.

In arranging daycare for your child, the most important aspects to consider are 1) whether your child will be happy, and 2) whether you will be confident in the care your child is receiving.

If care is given in a private home, will your child spend an interesting and enriching day? Do you and the daycare provider share similar ideas about cleanliness, play and discipline? If your child is enrolled at a day nursery, what type of activities are planned for the children? Do the children already enrolled appear absorbed and happy in their play?

Although many people today accept the fact that children are the responsibility of both parents, it is still usually the mother who bears the main responsibility in child-rearing. In order for her to follow her own career aspirations, and to do her best at her current job, she must have confidence in the care her child is receiving. In choosing your daycare arrangements, remember that every child has a right to good quality daycare. And also remember, that you have that right too.

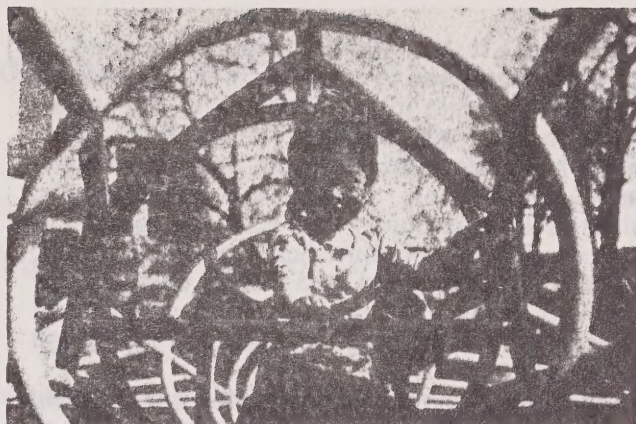
For further information on good daycare see:

How to Choose Good Day Care, Ontario Ministry of Community and Social Services, December 1978, 19p.

— available from the Social Services department of your municipality, or your nearest office of the Ministry of Community and Social Services

Good Day Care: Getting It, Keeping It, Fighting For It, Kathleen Gallagher Ross. 352p. \$7.95 paper \$15.95 cloth

— a practical guide to day care in Canada.



Child Abuse — What is Being Done?

During 1978 almost 1800 cases of child abuse were reported to the central registry of the Ontario Ministry of Community and Social Services. This was up from 764 reported cases in 1977. How many cases went unreported? Only the most extreme are ever brought to public attention by way of press coverage.

Child abuse is defined in the revised *Child Welfare Act* as a condition of: a) physical harm; b) malnutrition or mental ill health of a degree that if not immediately remedied could seriously impair growth and development or result in permanent injury or death; c) sexual molestation. These tend generally not to be isolated acts of violence but occur as a series of acts, each more intense and worse than before. Extreme cases may be due to innate sadistic tendencies, but the bulk occur out of ignorance or frustration and can be prevented with a positive system of community support agencies. Dr. H. Sohn and the Child Abuse Program of Community and Social Services (COMSOC) are encouraging the development of just such a system.

Since 1893, Ontario has had legislation for the protection of children against malnutrition, mistreatment and abandonment. Children's Aid Societies were founded around the province to provide assistance to children in need. Today there are 50 such societies in Ontario, with the bulk of their funds coming from provincial coffers.

In recent years, much concern has been voiced about the lack of communication between the Children's Aid Societies, other professionals dealing with children such as police, teachers, doctors and nurses, coroners and voluntary agencies. Following an inter-professional seminar on child abuse early in 1976, the Child Abuse Program at COMSOC was created to provide leadership and co-ordination of an inter-disciplinary approach to control and prevention.

Since its inception the Child Abuse Program has proceeded to promote inter-agency efforts in various

communities. It has funded and co-operated in organizing more than 60 inter-disciplinary seminars around the province involving thousands of professionals working with children. A number of pilot projects have been funded based on greater inter-agency co-operation. In Ottawa, for example, families in the community were recruited to serve as an extended family of abused children. In Sudbury, a high school has recently been teamed up with a day nursery to develop a course in child growth and development with the active participation of high school students.

Funds have been made available for staff training focusing on child abuse and on the development of appropriate instructional materials. The province's commitment to the program is substantial and granting funds have been increased from \$210,000 in 1976-77 to \$1.73 million for 1979-80 with an additional 2.4 million being spent to train and increase the number of child abuse workers in Ontario.

An inter-ministerial committee has been formed with representatives of the Ministries of Education, Correctional Services, Solicitor General, Attorney General, Health and COMSOC, as well as the Social Development and Justice Secretariats, to ensure action on child abuse in areas of their particular jurisdiction. Public education programs have been undertaken to focus attention on the magnitude of the problem and to provide information where parents encountering difficulties can turn for help.

In co-operation with the Ministry of the Attorney General, the *Child Welfare Act* has been reviewed and appropriate recommendations for revision made to give the law more clout. When proclaimed sometime this summer, the Act will provide for a fine of up to \$1,000 for any person in the course of professional or official duties failing to report suspicion of child abuse.

International Year of the Child is a one year program aimed at raising awareness and will pass quickly. Well developed programs, guidelines enshrined into law, systems of inter-agency and inter-ministerial co-operation will remain and on-going assistance will be available to children and their families. The shift in the Child Abuse Program as well as other programs of the Children's Services Division has been away from crisis intervention to prevention. The costs involved in this undertaking will be justified in the long-run with expanded opportunities for children in our society for normal healthy development.

Justice for Children

In recent years, the idea was born for concerned individuals to form a centre dealing with the concerns of children. This organization came into being during the winter of 1977-78 when the Donner (Canadian) Foundation agreed to provide funding.

Called *Justice for Children*, this non-profit, charitable organization has as its main objective to

promote the reforms of laws affecting children and their families through education, research and advocacy. Its activities include monitoring legislation and court decisions affecting children, conducting research and preparing briefs to the government, developing a resource centre of information on the rights and needs of children, as well as conducting seminars and lectures on children's rights.

Justice for Children only opened its doors in November 1978 but already has a rapidly growing membership list, as well as a lengthy mailing list for its newsletter. Ontario-based for the moment, *Justice for Children* has been initially formed as a 3-year project, administered by a voluntary Board of Directors with a full-time General Counsel, Marion Lane, and an Administrative Secretary.

Ms. Lane aptly summarizes the need for such an organization by pointing out that, "In our society the requirements of high-rise parking space tends to be emphasized more than adequate playground facilities for children. This indicates where our priorities lie."

For membership or further information, write or phone:

Justice for Children
455 Spadina Avenue
Suite 215
Toronto, Ontario
M5S 2G8
(416) 596-1349

Vital Statistics Act Amended

The *Ontario Vital Statistics Amendment Act, 1978* makes two significant changes to the law with respect to the naming of children.

Parents may now give their children a hyphenated surname combining *in either order* the surnames of the mother and the father. Previously, the legislation had required the father's name to come first in a hyphenated surname. Where a child's name is registered in this way, all subsequent registrations of births of children from the same parents must show the same surname.

The Act also states that where a birth was registered before the amended act came into force (i.e. when parent's choices were limited to father's surname or a hyphenated name with father's name first) the parents may request an amendment of the previous registration.

For more information or to change a previous birth registration, contact the Office of the Registrar General, Macdonald Block, Parliament Buildings, Toronto M7A 1Y5.

Photography by R.H. McColl

with permission of University Settlement House



Ontario
Ministry of
Labour

Myroslava Pidhirnyj, Editor

ABOUT SCHOOL

He always

He always wanted to explain things, but no one cared,
So he drew.

Sometimes he would just draw and it wasn't anything.

He wanted to carve it in stone or write it in the sky.

He would lie out on the grass and look up in the sky and it would
be only the sky and things inside him that needed saying.

And it was after that that he drew the picture,

It was a beautiful picture. He kept it under his pillow and would
let no one see it.

And he would look at it every night and think about it.

And when it was dark and his eyes were closed he could see it
still.

And it was all of him and he loved it.

When he started school he brought it with him,

Not to show anyone, but just to have with him like a friend.

It was funny about school.

He sat in a square brown room, like all the other rooms,
And it was tight and close, and stiff.

He hated to hold the pencil and chalk, with his arm stiff and
his feet flat on the floor, stiff, with the teacher watching
and watching.

The teacher came and spoke to him.

She told him to wear a tie like all the other boys,

He said he didn't like them and she said it didn't matter.

After that he drew. And he drew all yellow and it was the way
he felt about morning. And it was beautiful.

The teacher came and smiled at him. "What's this?" she said.

"Why don't you draw something like Ken's drawing?

Isn't it beautiful?"

After that his mother bought him a tie and he always drew air-planes and rocket-ships like everyone else.
 And he threw the old picture away.
 And when he lay all alone looking at the sky, it was big and blue, and all of everything, but he wasn't anymore.

He was square and brown inside and his hands were stiff.
 And he was like everyone else. All the things inside him that needed saying didn't need it anymore.

It had stopped pushing. It was crushed.
 Stiff.

Like everything else.

Anonymous, from I Am A Sensation



ROSEMARY BENNETT 'M.

Women Rock Bands
By Lynda Crawford

A popular reaction to the evergrowing number of all-women rock bands emerging on the music scene seems to be - but are any of them really any good? - Translated, this means: are they attracting attention just because they are women and a women's band is a novelty? Musically, are they just okay ("good for women") or are they dynamite ("as good as men")?

* * Well, a few of the groups are great, a few are not so great, and of course, all of them are attracting attention because they are women. But the chance that any of the groups will make it purely on novelty is highly unlikely. In fact, most of the women feel they've not only had to be good, to gain any acceptance at all from the music industry or the public.

* * Sugar Lewis, an exceptionally talented five-women, soul-rock group that has been gaining recognition lately, finds that audiences are much more critical of a women's group. "They expect you to be bad," explains lead singer Camille, "and to counter that, just being good is not enough. You've got to have a trailblazing goal. As a women's group, you have that responsibility to be the best you can possibly be."

* * Another hot group, the eight-piece, heavy-horned, jazz-rock-sounding Isis (just recently scooped up by Buddah records), remains dead set against selling themselves as a novelty because of their sex. "I think it's really important that people like us because we're a good band," explained Lauren Draper, trumpet player. "I want to be known as a good musician, not as a good-for-a-woman musician." While most of their impressive material is not political - "Do the Football," "April Fool," "Cocaine Elaine" - the group has strongly aligned itself with the feminist movement and makes it perfectly clear through their dress, manner, and powerful performance that they are there to play music, not to be ogled at.

* * While talent is an understandable consideration for acceptance, some of the other criteria placed on women rock bands are highly irregular. "The first thing an agent will ask when booking an all-girl group is 'what do you wear?' never 'how long have you been playing?'" explained Deborah Levine of the three-piece, hard-glitter rock band. Flaming Youth. "If you're a girl, they want you to be cute. It doesn't matter how good - or bad - you play. If you're talented as hell, but two-hundred pounds, forget it, if you're a girl." Flaming Youth avoids much confrontation on this level by "dressing up in flashy clothes, sexy outfits." But for other groups such as Sister Moon and Lavender Jane, that is not the answer.

* * Usually comfortably garbed in dungarees, the new seven-woman soulful-blues group, Sister Moon, refuses to don the halter tops and hot pants even if it means losing bookings. "My group will not bow down to the agents or club owners on something like this," insisted manager Nadya Gruen. "They don't want somebody playing music, they want a show. It's the old tits-and-ass mentality." As a way of dealing with this, Sister Moon shies away from working the nightclubs and lounges that often place good looks and plunging necklines above the already very exciting music they play. The group mainly concentrates on doing concerts and tours.

* * Lavender Jane goes one step further and plays for women only. "Polarization is where it's at right now," explained Kay Gardner, one of the three multi-talented women in the folk group. "Women musicians have been discriminated against for so many years, incredible talent has been wasted. If there were women in an orchestra, they had to be good-looking. That's how you get male approval. Well, we're not going after that. Women are interested in hearing other women do things, especially do something well. We're playing for them." Their first album, - Lavender Jane Loves Women, - is on their own label, Women Wax Works, and it's on sale only at women's centres and in women's bookstores throughout the country.

* * In addition to the sex-appeal priority, women musicians come up against tremendous resistance from many major recording studios. Because there are so few women in the business, the studios fear that if one member of a group gets sick, gets married, gets pregnant, or just plain drops out, they would be hard-pressed to find a replacement - a predicament that could possibly destroy the group. "That's a pretty poor excuse," said Margo Lewis, organist and leader of Sugar Lewis. "What do they mean, what if you get married? Do they think we're just a bunch of dingy broads hanging out playing music until we get that piece of paper? So what if we get married? That's not going to stop anyone from playing music. Neither is getting pregnant - not that I'm about to get pregnant. Getting sick, that's a problem with any group. But we aren't any more risky or irresponsible than any male group."

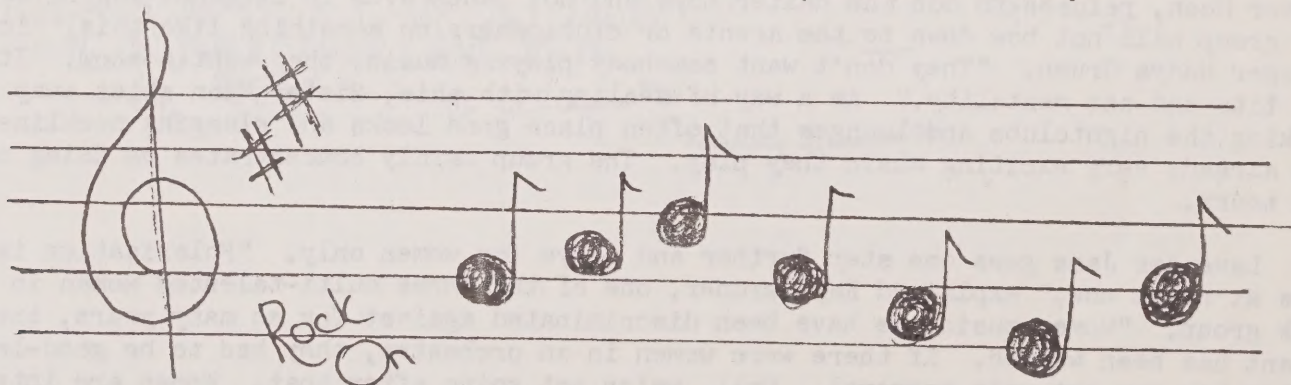
* * "I'm married and I've been pregnant ... three times," voiced Isis bass player Stella Bass, "and that doesn't stop me from being a musician. I think I work harder because of my family. As far as being sick goes, we're not looking for nobody to get sick." And significantly, most of the women agreed, the problem of so few women musicians around to fill spots is a direct result of the reluctance within the music industry to accept them on an equal basis with men.

* * There have been a few women's groups to make names for themselves over the years, including Fanny, Birta, and the very first all-women rock band, Goldie and the Ginger-breads (out of which came guitarist Carol MacDonald and drummer Ginger Bianco, co-leaders of Isis, and Margo Lewis of Sugar Lewis). But proportionate to the number of men's groups in the business, women have been virtually nonexistent.

** "It's not that the good bands are not out there," pointed out June Millington (formerly of Fanny, now on her own). "It's just that women's groups are still insecure because they haven't been doing it that long. Five, six years from now, though, it's all going to be different. Women's groups won't be novelties anymore, that's for sure."

* * Whether or not women have something completely different to bring to music is a question which many of the women are still unsure. "Music is a universal thing," said Grace Milen, Sugar Lewis drummer. "It crosses the barriers of male-female, and though I think women's experiences need to be expressed, they still run parallel to men's." The manager of Sister Moon, Nadya, believes there is "definitely a difference between the way women relate to music and the way men do. Just like the difference between the way a woman walks and the way a man walks ... there is a difference."

* * "I don't know," said Lauren of Isis. "I guess I only think in terms of myself - I have a lot of feelings, strong feelings, that I'd like to express through my horn. I really don't know about differences. Maybe women have compassion to offer."



NATIVE SISTERHOOD

It's POW WOW time again; to remind all the young Indian people that it is the tradition in our culture, and to keep this tradition from dying out completely. Our POW WOWS are here twice a year - one was in May and again in October. Usually, everyone looks forward to this particular day. Especially our own Native Sisters here in the Institution. It is a day for us Sisters to get together with our people for a time of sharing and caring. Traditional food is eaten that particular day - Bannock, corn soup, and raspberry tea.

The people from the outside who attend the POW WOW include children, the Medicine Man, the famous chicken dancers, the elders, our Brothers from the other institutions, and most important are the drummers. Without the drummers, the dancers are unable to dance. They can either be men or women. It is not very easy to just sit down and sing. They are trained at the ages of 12 and 13. They learn the ritual music which has been handed down from the forefathers to the younger generations for centuries. They require great physical endurance because they are required to play the drums over a period of several hours, sometimes several weeks.

Bead work is given out to our guests; ribbon shirts are also given out to our Brothers from the male institutions who attend our POW WOWS. Tobacco is also our traditional way of showing appreciation. We have a pipe ceremony with sweet grass for the opening dance and usually again before the day is over for purifying and this is done by the Medicine Man.

And I may add that we give our special thanks to all who have set out to help and who participated to make our POW WOW successful.

by: Rose Turningrobe

SPORTS DAY

Sports Day was held on the Labour Day weekend. The weather was perfect. There were many sports events, a barbeque, and even a pie-eating contest. Prizes were T-shirts, given to those who came first, second, or last in an event. First prize T-shirts stated "I WON"; second prize T-shirts stated "2 OUTTA 3 AIN'T BAD"; while those who placed last received an "I LOST" T-shirt.

Winners of the events are as follows:

<u>Marlene</u>	Sack Race
	Foot race
	3-legged race
<u>Vicki</u>	3-legged race
<u>Lana</u>	Obstacle race
<u>Debbie (Beezly)</u>	Wheelbarrow race
<u>Jo-Anne (Beaver)</u>	
<u>Diane</u>	High Jump
<u>Andre</u>	Foot Race (over 30 group)
<u>Duke</u>	Baseball Throw
	Football Throw
<u>Debbie</u>	PieEating Contest

Special congrats to Duke for breaking last year's record for the baseball throw.

Thanks to everyone who helped with the equipment and the food. Super burgers from our chefs, "Burger King", "Big Mac", and "Harvey's".

The day closed with an enjoyable tug-of-war and it was off to the gym for a movie.

by: Ms. J. Noble

STOP
PRESS!

ACTION ROCKS WALLA WALLA PEN

Aug. 10th; This is a last minute supplement detailing the serious situation at the Washington State Penitentiary at Walla Walla.

HOSTAGES
TAKEN

(Published by Ron Reed of the Solidarity Committee, Box 2, Stn. La Cite, Montreal, Quebec, Canada. H2W 2M9).

On May 9, three prisoners, Carl Harp, Clyde Washburn, and Shane Green, at Washington State Prison held ten people hostage in an attempt to publicize and force negotiation on reform demands presented to the prison administration. They called for relief from the intense overcrowding that now houses four men in each of the prison's two-man cells. Conditions, program, and services, inadequate for the number of prisoners the institution was designed to hold, are made worse with overcrowding.

While 300 prisoner supporters demonstrated in People's Park outside the building in which the hostages were being held the three demanded one hour television time to air their grievances. After 12 hours of negotiations, a taped interview was granted. Only snatches of the hour-long interview were aired for the public.

In addition to overcrowding, prisoners sought relief from inconsistent and increasingly stiff parole board ruling, inadequate rehabilitation programs, insufficient counselling,

lack of due process rights in disciplinary procedures, warehousing mentally ill prisoners inside Walla Walla, and starchy, bland, nutritionless meals. Citing examples of inadequate and grossly negligent medical care, the prisoners called for a state of federal agency investigation of the prison hospital and its staff. Prisoners have demanded the firing of chief nurse Eva Nelson for murderous medical practices since 1974. They also demanded that beatings of prisoners in segregation be stopped immediately, that the unit be cleaned up, and that segregation prisoners have more legal protection against long-term confinement in the unit. Walla Walla prisoners have been held in segregation for up to three years behind political reasons. The three prisoners further asked for out-of-state transfers for fear of guard and administration reprisals against them for their actions.

Despite warning of future violence if the demands were not met, and ignoring the strong support demonstrated by prisoners in the yard, the administration conceded only to the request for a media forum to air grievances. Action on other demands remains to be seen.

The three hostage takers were locked up in segregation pending trial on charges under a special Washington statute dealing with taking hostages in prison. All have received death threats and warnings from the guards. They each face ten years to be tacked onto already more-than-life sentences. In addition, the administration has singled out a number of other prisoners (reports vary from 14-20) and tagged them with "aggression involvement" in the support demonstration. These prisoners have also been confined in segregation.

LOCKDOWN + RIOT

Since the May 9th hostage taking, the Walls have been jumping.

On June 15th, the prison was put under a lockdown (no privileges for

inmates, visiting, exercises, etc.) after a guard was killed breaking up a fight.

July 7th saw the 8 wing riot over sadistic treatment by the guards, the intense heat, yet no showers, poor food, and confiscation of all personal property from family photos to legal papers as contraband and thrown away in the garbage. The damage was considerable and 230 inmates have been forced to live in the yard during the hot days and cold nights. They'll probably stay there until mid-October.

Guards Suspended for Brutality

On July 8th, guards savagely beat four inmates in segregation, one of whom was Carl Harp. He spent the next week in the city hospital recovering from among other things, being raped repeatedly by a nightstick. In response to the attacks, 12 guards were suspended, with pay. According to the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, July 13th, Harp said that he and other inmates offered no resistance yet all were "maced, savagely beaten, kicked, punched, and stripped" while handcuffed. Nevertheless, the whole incident was recored on a cassette recorder and sent to the Dept. of Corrections. Harp has since been transferred to San Quentin in California.

The guards, defending themselves against blame from the administration gave the usual "self-inflicted" explanation for the injuries received by the prisoners. More interesting, however, is their claim that the uprising was so tense, that Penitentiary Superintendent James Spaulding and Associate Superintendent Larry Kincheloe gave orders to shoot to kill any inmate who had gained access to the utility tunnel that runs between tiers. Asked about the "kill" order, Spaulding declined to comment. Yet according to an inmate, the men in "B" tier in segregation were handcuffed to the bars and heavily maced.

According to the Post-Intelligencer of July 12, "a four member panel of the American Correctional Association had uncovered evidence of guards "thumping" inmates and had confirmed charges that the guards have acted unprofessionally, correctional officials said. The Reverend Robert Beh, the prison's Catholic chaplain, said he witnessed guards beating inmates. The FBI has been called in to investigate allegations of civil rights violations at the prison stemming from recent incidents.

More News

The Post-Intelligencer reported on July 14th, penitentiary expert Anthony Travisono's report on Walla Walla. He said that prison is among the nation's worst for providing jobs for prisoners, and its guards are well below the average in training and professionalism. He also recommended that prisoners with less than 3 months to be served on their sentence be released to relieve overcrowding.

In another article, The PI describes why Rev. Mathew Naumes quit the Parole Board. He said that the Parole Board has aggravated the overcrowding by keeping some men in prison longer than necessary. For instance, the Board has stopped giving incentive cuts whereby an inmate would get months taken off his sentence while they were still doing time. He says the Board is being molded after Gov. Dixie Le Ray's philosophy of law enforcement and "get tough" rather than rehabilitation. Naumes disagreed that building more prisons would relieve overcrowding, they would just be filled up past their limits, he contends. He and Helen Ratcliff who quit the Board last March, claim that the Board "pays little heed" to the "dignity of people."

In an article on the Parole Board by Richard Zahler, as the rate of imprisonment has increased in recent years, so has the parole board's workload. One consequence is that their workload is now packed to the

limits. Typically, they have 20 or 25 minutes to refresh their memories about a convict's file, talk to the convict, make a decision, dictate a statement of reason for their decision, then go the next case.

"I don't think that's enough time to be making those decisions", says Ratcliffe. "You're not going to find any Superior Court Judge taking on that kind of workload and thinking he's doing justice to his office." In order to meet their schedule, the Board habitually overshoots the national guideline of 15 cases a day. On top of that the Board is now reviewing the cases of inmates with long terms once every two years instead of annually. Both Ratcliff and Naumes are predicting a lot of trouble resulting from the board's practises. "We're writing the scenario for a nightmare," says Father Naumes.

On the bright side, the lockdown and riot has forced the prison administration to release and/or transfer over 100 inmates to relieve the overcrowding and tension.

The latest news??? The guards want to ban the inmates' associations. 28 guards were fired July 30th for walking off their jobs. They were protesting "unsafe conditions". There's talk of a strike by their union. We'd like to see the day when prisoners get dismissed for demonstrating against unsafe conditions.

Help put pressure on the state to make positive changes in the prison. Send letters to:

Robert Tropp

Director of Adult Corrections

Governor Dixie Lee Ray

State Senator Gordon D. Bremerton

Lt. Governor John A. Cherburg

con't: Send letters to:

House Republican Speaker Duane Berentson

These people can be reached at the Capital Centre Building,
Olympia, Washington. 98504.

Don't forget James Spaulding, Walla Walla Penitentiary Supt.,
Box 520, Walla Walla, Wa. 99362.

For more information and support, contact the prisoners themselves;
Robert Clyde Washburn 25117, P.O. Box 520, Walla Walla, Wa. 99362
R. Shane Green 628148 " " " "
Carl L. Harp C-7100, California State Prison, San Quentin, Ca. 94964

Don't forget , John H. Bosch 253269 at the Walla Walla adress -
he may be able to help.

On the outside, contact Susan Waymire, 18924 S.E. 116th Place,
Issaquah, Wa. 98027, telephone (206) 271-5385. You can contact us,
Solidarity Committee, Box 2, Stn. La Cite, Montreal, Que. H2W 2M9, but
we'll have the news after the above people would.

The three prisoners involved in the May 9th incident naturally
need money for legal fees (the state legal aid has refused to handle
them) and stamps to send out their necessary correspondence. Send
funds to Susan Weymire, address above, and to Barbara Connolly, Box
98772, Seattle, Wa. 98188. Send stamps directly to the prisoners.

MADNESS

Mercy to a war begotten land
For those who live in the shadow of madness
Brought on by their own hand
Once a land rest at the dawn of an age
Its path placed in the hands of a creature insane
The birth of belief and of opposition
A time of Kings and Queens and cosmic missions
The merciless sound of an iron gate
And there was one of many who would
Step into the arena that sealed his fate.

Well there amidst the jeering crowd
Would he stand fast and proud
To be devoured by dozens of beasts of prey?
And onlookers would revel in his state this day.

Even though he won, a fool was he, too
From then was the madness upon us
And worse from then it grew
Well mercy to man's fate
Curse to his greedy existence
As the object of his own chosen rampage
All I feel is the madness.

RICK

by: R. Bianco

3669

Joyceville



Genesis Revisited (in the Matter of Man)

She lay on her bed, deprived of her clothes; the sacrifice to some adult ritual; strange and frightening.

Her body was long and sleek, silken in texture,... beautiful. The body was innocent, as she, of what it would become.

His body, too close to her, hung with the soft flesh of his age. But it was the appendage that particularly disgusted her. She couldn't believe his admiration of this strange object - an obvious deformity. It was big and ugly to her. She had often seen her little brother naked. She didn't remember thinking anything wrong with him!

She lay there emotionless. Doing only what she was told. Inside, her stomach churned and summer-saulted. Her vomit stuck in her throat; never to be released - such was the control she demanded of herself.

He told her of changes that would take place in her body, which she instantly rejected. "No! That would never happen to her!" her mind challenged rebelliously.

He asked her if her body responded to his motions. She knew intuitively he would not like to hear what she truly felt; the anger, the hate, the disgust. So she told him that she felt nothing. She didn't know what she should feel.

He stated that one day what he was doing would feel good. But, that she musn't do it until she was married.

"Oh?" she questioned internally, "and what is this?" She listened to him in disbelief, and promised to herself that she would never feel anything.

"Yoo hoo, hello, anyone home?"

She heard her mother calling, and felt both a surge of fear and relief. Her grandfather must have heard them pull in the driveway. She could hear the muffled sounds of voices as he was now speaking with her mother and grandmother.

Normally she would be happy to see her mother and listen to the recounting of the weekly shopping spree, but today she felt reluctant to face anyone.

She dressed slowly, methodically; then lay on her bed gazing out the window. Luckily, she thought, nobody missed her.

She felt dizzy with the thoughts and questions battling in her head. Hastily she buried her secret fearing confrontation with something she found impossible to identify; sure she would be reprimanded if it were told. "What have I done wrong?" was the question she was afraid to ask, and the answer she did not know.

"Honey? Shall we try again?"

She lay there on her bed. Naked, next to her husband. She eyed him coldly, and wondered why he demanded that she feel something. She looked dejectedly at her body. She didn't know why she felt fear and resentment, or what she "should" feel.

by: Jane Billings

NATIONAL WOMEN'S PLAYWRITING COMPETITION

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FRIEND

Make new friends, but keep the old;

Those are silver, these are gold;

Make new friendships, like new wine,

Age will mellow and refine;

Friends that have stood the test,

Time and change are surely best.

Brow may wrinkle, hair grow grey,

Friendship never knows decay;

For my old friends, tired and true

Once more we, our youth renew.

But old friends, alas may die,

New friends must their place supply.

Cherish friendships in your breast;

New is good; but, old is best,

Make new friends, but keep the old -

Those are silver, these are gold.

by: Al Pierce
Co-Ordinator,
Black Culture

MILLHAVEN: PRISONERS WRITE FOR ACTIVE REFORM

Authorities respond with transfers,
censorship and red tape.

On July 16th, 1979, there was a protest at Millhaven Penitentiary, a Federal Maximum Security prison in Kingston, Ontario. The prison population staged a sitdown refusal at night lockdown. With the sitdown in progress there were negotiations with the Administration of the prison until 5 a.m. that morning. Finally the prison officials agreed to discuss the 22 demands of the prisoners, demands for a more humane life on the inside, including a call for an end to the brutalising conditions in the Special Handling Unit, that special prison within a prison where so-called "incurables" are sent. The inhuman conditions that exist in these Special Handling Units, Environment Control Areas, the 'Hole', have been successfully challenged in a Federal Court of Canada (The McCann case, New Westminster 1975). The nature of confinement in these places was called 'cruel and unusual punishment' by that Court and recommendations were made for change. Thus far, very few of these changes have been realised, and prisoners continue to hold strikes, riot and take hostages in

an effort to expose the treatment they are subjected to. But all too often these actions of protest turn back in on themselves; the protest against repression is reported only when there is violence involved. And this violence which is a symptom, makes the public nervous, thus giving the prison administration the go-ahead for further crackdowns and restrictions. Meanwhile, the frustration which led to this action grows, unabated.

For prisoners now, especially those in maximum security units, in solitary confinement, those first segregated and then brutalized within their isolation, the frustration of their particularly inhuman confinement must be challenged. How, is the question. Violence, which can too easily become self directed, (suicide and self mutilation are many times higher in SHU and the Hole than in the 'normal' prison population) is of limited use. But learning not to play to the media with created 'incidents', hostage taking, and violence is a hard lesson. Television, in particular, is not the friend of the prisoner. Their violent acts, their protest, and their deaths are simply a

'news flash' while the real issue of prison reform and inhuman conditions are too often ignored in favour of the primetime pablum which, in the words of one inmate "... is our best babysitter. It castrates our lives." No, the answer may lie in a form of public education of a less sensational type.

The Odyssey Group, composed of prisoners serving long-term sentences in Millhaven Penitentiary, is currently involved in just such an education program. Talking in terms the Government can understand, The Odyssey Group acts within due processes of law. Briefs, hearings and management efficiency studies are prepared and circulated. For the system, this must be seen as valuable. Due process hearings defused the 1976 riots in Laval, B.C. Pen and Millhaven. But for the prison population, this trust in the system was violated. The result of these hearings was the MacGuigan Report to Parliament on the Prison System in 1977 which made 65 recommendations for change and reform. So far, the Solicitors General have turned their philosophic backs on these recommendations, in a move toward a larger and still more repressive Justice Industry. A move which

For the 1 in every 25 people who will be insiders in these warehouses of 'justice' someday, and for the 1 in every 1,000 in there now, *injustice is relevant.*

the present government will presumably conserve; like jam, the mess is on too thick to reform. The only MacGuigan Report recommendations that have been implemented are corrections to supposed lapses in the day-to-day housekeeping regulations in that Penal Bible, the Commissioners' Directives. In view of this betrayal, the continuing activity of the Odyssey Group and others like them is remark-

PARTIAL DEMANDS THAT OCCASIONED THE JULY 16th SITDOWN AT MILLHAVEN PENITENTIARY

- immediate alleviation of the brutal conditions in the Special Handling Unit.
- transfer of inmate previously declared insane to Penetang (an institution for the criminally insane). The man is currently being held in SHU at Millhaven and receiving no psychiatric treatment. (see brief re SHU).
- treatment and mobility training and companionship for another SHU inmate who has recently torn out his own eyes.
- halt plans to skinfrisk visitors, a practice which alienates family, relegating them to the same animal posture as their loved ones.
- instate conjugal visits.
- an end to the unnecessary pointing of weapons in the living unit that is currently in practice by guards.
- an end to the unconstitutional censorship of *Odyssey Magazine*.
- a re-instatement of evening cloister privileges, which were taken away to punish this particular demonstration.

able. But they are continuing, with determination, to be an articulate voice from the inside.

August 10th, National Prison Justice Day, is in memory of the men and women who have died, and are still dying, in these cells. In the push for 'law & order' the particular injustices of that law and order seem of less concern. But for the 1 in every 25 people who will be insiders in these warehouses of 'justice' someday, and for the 1 in every 1,000 in there now, *injustice is relevant*. Currently there are 26,000 people in the Canadian prison system. It is the most expensive prison system in the world. It costs \$37,000 a year to keep a prisoner in a federal maximum security prison. With a 10 year sentence, a judge is running a \$.37 million tab. And it's more than money that's being wasted.

Printed below are excerpts from briefs presented to the Solicitor General of Canada and articles printed in *Odyssey*, *The Prisoners' Voice*, April-May issue, 1979. *Odyssey* is published by The Odyssey Group of Millhaven at their own expense. Subscriptions: \$4 for 1 year (six issues). Available from Odyssey Group, P.O. Box 280, Bath, Ontario K0H 1G0. These excerpts speak for themselves. If the Odyssey Group's work is measured in terms of response from officials, they could indeed be said to be effective. The Chairman of the group, Howard Brown and the editor of *Odyssey* Magazine, George Watson have both been shipped out.

The Criminal Justice Committee of the Civil Liberties Association has called for an amendment to the Penitentiary Act requiring that "... decisions relating to punishment in any form, including transfers and dissociations, be subjected to the Canadian Bill of Rights and the rules of natural justice." Until this is enacted, prison administrators will continue to use transfers for their own political ends to fragment prisoner organizations and silence protest.

The government, through the Canadian Correctional Services, and the Public Service Alliance of Canada (the prison guards' union) must not continue to exercise the same autonomous power within the prison system. There is a need for community infusion into the Criminal Justice System in Canada. The channels of communication and cooperation must be open-

ed up to shrink this 'justice' industry into a more human form.

Excerpts from prisoners' Brief on SPECIAL HANDLING UNIT (SHU)

photo: Pierre Gaudard

The SHU was officially formed on 29 November 1977 as described in Commissioner's Directive No. 174 issued on that date. However, it has been in use unofficially for at least 4 1/2 years.

Criteria For Placement in SHU. Officially a prisoner must have committed at least one of the following to be placed in this unit: (1) abduction, hostage taking, or forcible confinement; (2) serious incidents of violence; (3) escape or prison breach



Segregation call at St. Vincent de Paul.

involving the use of force; (4) conviction for first degree murder. However these offences must be committed upon a Canadian Corrections Service employee or a police officer. If a prisoner severely assaults another prisoner he will appear in Institutional Court and most likely receive a sentence in the "hole". If however a guard is assaulted, the prisoner will most likely go to SHU. It is the same with first degree murder. A person serving a 25 year minimum sentence for the death of a civilian is placed in the main population. But if it is a guard or a policeman, he will go to SHU. Is this justice or is this vengeance? A prisoner is transferred to this unit by people who must be biased to say the least.

Recommendation No. 1. That an impartial review board be created to examine each and every case of any person being considered for placement in SHU. They would have to be totally devoid of any previous relationship with the Canadian Corrections Services. These people must be permitted to interview the prisoner in question, and permit the prisoner to speak on his own behalf. If the board decides that the prisoner is to be placed in SHU they should advise the prisoner why he is being placed there and what he would have to accomplish in order to gain release to the main population. As it stands now there is no reason given other than that you have committed an offence.

Segregation Review Board. Once every month there is an institutional Segregation Review Board. This consists of the Director, Assistant-Director of Security and a few other administrative representatives. A prisoner may appear in front of this board by submitting a request. They will discuss all the men's cases and if they wish, will listen to anything he has to say. A few days later each prisoner will receive a piece of paper saying the board has decided to keep him in SHU. Most people would think that this is great. That it means a prisoner has a chance of getting out of the unit every month. But this is not so. The board has no authority to release a prisoner to any institution. The people who have that authority are in Ottawa and meet every six months. Also the prisoners are not allowed to appear in front of the National Board in Ottawa. •

Recommendation No. 2. This would be the same recommendation as the first.

Living Conditions. The living conditions in SHU can only be described as deplorable. Cells measure 10 x 6 x 10 feet and are composed of three steel walls and one concrete wall. Night lights are left on 24 hours a day. These are used for when guards make their rounds which is about every fifty minutes and yet they are left on continuously. It is very aggravating trying to sleep with it on. The windows are also a problem. There is very little access to natural light and fresh air. There are steel plates over the windows which have five openings approximately four inches wide. When the plates were installed, the caulking was removed from the cracks along the sides. This results in cold air blowing in during the

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winter. Because of the steel walls, it is exactly the opposite in the summer. The steel holds the heat and the cells are like ovens.

Time Out of Cells. Prisoners in SHU spend approximately nineteen hours per day locked in their cell. They are permitted about one hour of exercise outside per day. However in actuality, out of this hour, a prisoner can only spend a maximum of forty-five minutes in the yard. This is because each is let out of their cells one at a time and searched. The procedure takes about fifteen minutes and is repeated as they return to their cells. From 1845 to 2315 hours the prisoners are released to the common room for television. There is an interruption in this at 2010 hours for a count. This count is supposed to take ten minutes and yet it is very seldom that they are any shorter than twenty minutes.

Recommendation No. 3. That the



Drawing by Terry Southwind, a long-term inmate in SHU.

prisoners in SHU be permitted more time in the common rooms. These rooms are not used during the day and there can be no reasonable excuse for this not being allowed. Secondly,

there can be no logical explanation for prisoners being searched on release to yard. On return it is understandable. But what could possibly be brought to the yard from cells that are searched at least twice per week which would be detrimental to the security of the institution? This just seems to be another way to aggravate the prisoners of this unit. Thirdly, that there be no count at 2010 hours as there is no movement in "E" Unit after 1600 hours.

Recreation Facilities. Recreation facilities are practically non-existent in SHU. The yard is approximately 150 feet by 90 feet and is solid asphalt surrounded by hurricane fencing with three rolls of razor wire and seven strands of barbed wire on top. There are no benches. There is no grass to lay on if you wish to get some sun. Prisoners are not permitted to bring out blankets for this purpose. It was requested that prisoners

"CANADA VIOLATES NEARLY EVERY SECTION OF THE UNITED NATIONS ACT ON TREATMENT OF PRISONERS."

Brief Re: Transfers, submitted by the Odyssey Group to The Solicitor-General of Canada.

(reprinted from *Odyssey Magazine*, April-May, 1979)

In the super-maximum security prison at Millhaven, there are approximately one-third of the prisoners who do not fall into the stated qualification of being maximum security type prisoners. They have been classified, upon entry into the federal prison system, as being medium and minimum security risks, but, they have been sent to Millhaven on the grounds of suspicion.

The Canadian Penitentiary Service's criteria for a prisoner to be classified as a "maximum security type" is: (a) a person who will make an active attempt to escape; (b) if he does escape, could be a danger to the public; (c) serving a lengthy sentence — where violence was involved.

It is suspected by the prisoners at Millhaven, that because there are only approximately 120 prisoners here that fit into the category of maximum security risks, prisoners are being transferred here from medium security prisons to justify the large amount of security guards that are employed at Millhaven and also to justify the existence of Millhaven itself! If there

are only 120 truly maximum security risks in Ontario, where is the justification for a prison like Millhaven with its oppressive and suppressive policies? 120 prisoners could be distributed elsewhere, but, if the population can be kept at the 200 level, the guards' union can point at that figure and try to justify whatever they do here.

Note: Since we submitted this brief, the shuttle service between the medium security prisons and Millhaven has continued to operate. It is the same old story. Why were you sent here? The reply, "Suspicion."

Another possible and quite probable reason we forgot to mention in the brief is that, with the many prisoners being sent to the penitentiary from the county jails who cannot be labelled as "maximum security", there isn't enough room in medium security prisons so prisoners that aren't popular with authorities are being gotten rid of in order to make room for these newcomers.

The Solicitor General has stated that Millhaven is going to be changed to a medium security prison. Perhaps they just want a head start. At the present rate, by 1985 everyone in Millhaven will be a medium security type without changing anything.

The Hypocrites

(reprinted from *Odyssey Magazine*, April-May, 1979).

In *Let's Talk*, the organ of the Canadian Penitentiary Service, Jean-Jacques Blais, Solicitor General, is quoted as saying, "Canada's official position at the UN is that inmates retain *all rights* of ordinary citizens except those taken away by law due to incarceration. We accept the statement of the Parliamentary Subcommittee that justice for inmates is a personal right essential to their reformation."

Canada's official position at the UN is the exact opposite of what is practised in Canada's penitentiaries. If a copy of the Parliamentary Subcommittee's Report on the Prison System in Canada and a copy of "Cruel & Unusual" were sent to the United Nations, the conditions reported in these two publications would have Canada condemned for violating nearly every section of the United Nations Act on Treatment of Prisoners. Canada is a signatory to this act, but not a practising member.

Trudeau, Outerbridge and Blais — three hypocrites, proven by their own words. It is politer than calling them liars.

George Watson

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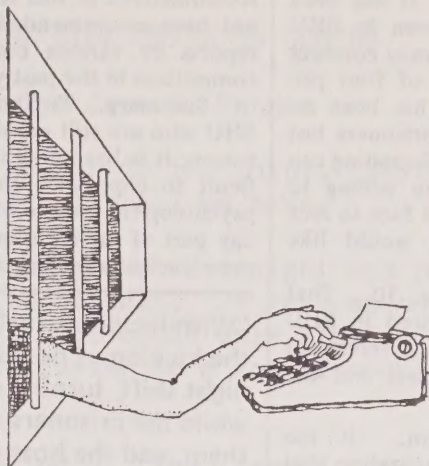
be allowed to bring out a few buckets of water or containers of Kool Aid. This was denied. It was requested that a hose, tap or fountain be installed. Rejected. In the winter of 1977-78 a snow-plow was brought in about six times in the first two weeks of heavy snow. Then it disappeared. A shovel was requested. This was again denied. Prisoners have to walk in snow up to their knees. A chin-up bar was installed in the summer of 1978. An exercise bicycle was brought in but this broke at least once a week. A couple of gloves and softballs, a soccer ball and a football were given to the prisoners. They disappeared. Naturally the guards didn't know where they went although they were locked-up every night. Before these "yards" were built in 1977 the prisoners used the cloisters which are between the buildings. These contain an outside strip of asphalt for those who wish to walk or run. Between these strips are areas of grass. Also there are two small shrubs which add a bit of colour to the surroundings. These areas are at least twice the size of the yards in use now.

"To those prisoners in SHU who are still capable of logic and reason, it is becoming increasingly difficult to cope with the physical and psychological torture which is an everyday part of surviving in this unit."

Recommendation No. 4. That these cloisters be reopened for exercise periods. Also that there be sports equipment put in SHU which will stay there.

Educational Programs. There is practically no educational program in SHU. The only things which do exist are correspondence courses. However, there are prisoners who do not know how to read and write or others who need help with their courses. There are no teachers going up to the unit on a regular basis. The prisoners requested that certain of them be allowed out into the common room to teach and help each other. This was granted in principle, but has not taken place.

Recommendation No. 5. That prisoners be permitted to be released to the common rooms during the day



Drawing: Ivan Horvat, prisoner and negotiator in 1976 B.C. Pen disturbance to help each other in their courses or that a teacher be assigned to SHU on a permanent basis.

Work Programs. In 1976 the administration was talking about building shops for the prisoners in SHU. The only progress, if you can call it that, is a number of jobs held out as pacifiers. There is a librarian whose job it is to keep boxes of books in his cell. There is a prisoner whose job it is to take care of sports equipment when there is any. Another prisoner makes a list of supplies weekly which are needed for cleaning. Also there is a television monitor. His job is to change the channels on the television in the common room. The only reason the jobs are accepted is that they bring in a bit more pay. Another job is cleaning the range. This is done on a rotation basis and is by far the most strenuous of these jobs.

Recommendation No. 6. This has to be one of the most necessary of needs in SHU as the men in there have almost nothing to do during the day. There must be jobs of the type where a man can do some kind of physical work. You cannot imagine the degree of frustration which builds up because of sitting in your cell all day doing nothing day after day.

Grading of Prisoners. Upgrading of pay for prisoners in SHU does not occur. The administration says that because the prisoners do not work they cannot be upgraded. They stay at the lowest level of pay which is \$6.50 per canteen (\$3.25 a week). All of this goes towards necessities such as tobacco, papers, matches, envelopes, writing paper, soap, shampoo, etc.

Recommendation No. 7. That the school teacher be given the authority

to upgrade prisoners in SHU for those doing correspondence courses on the basis of quality and quantity. Also, that jobs be created in order that these men may earn more money.

Hobbies. There are only three hobbies permitted in SHU. They are beading, art work (no oils), petite point. This has been brought to the attention of the administration, but again to no avail. One prisoner requested that he be allowed to do a rug hooking hobby. His request was denied. Why? Because the rug hook could possibly be made into a knife. How naive can you people be? Fifty percent of the things a prisoner has in his cell can be made into weapons. A normal pencil can do as much damage as a regular knife.

Recommendation No. 8. These prisoners should be allowed to purchase a wider variety of hobby equipment.

Medical Attention and Psychiatric Treatment. Requests are sent to the hospital and many times they go unanswered. The prisoners are not provided with yearly physical examinations. As for psychiatric treatment, it does not exist for SHU prisoners. At present there is a prisoner in SHU who has been found "not guilty by reasons of insanity" and placed under the jurisdiction of a Warrant of the Lieutenant-Governor. Because he was serving a previous sentence in the penitentiary, the Canadian Corrections also has jurisdiction over him. If he was not serving this sentence he would now be in Penitanguishene Mental Health Centre. Not only does the C.C.S. have no regard for the man, as he should be in a place where he can receive this treatment, but they have no regard for the people around him. Rather than put him in a place where his illness can be treated, they place him in SHU where the atmosphere is certainly not conducive to better mental health and where there is the distinct possibility of the man hurting either himself or another person.

Recommendation No. 9. When a person in SHU receives some kind of injury he should be seen the next time that the doctor is in the institution. The doctor should also conduct regular yearly physical examinations of these prisoners. There should be some facility for prisoners from SHU who are suffering from mental illness where they can be treated.

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Religious Programs. It has been offered to put up a screen in SHU behind which the priests may conduct services for a maximum of four prisoners at a time. This has been refused not only by the prisoners but also by the priest. How degrading can you get? The priests are willing to have services in SHU on a face to face basis and the prisoners would like this to happen.

Recommendation No. 10. That religious services be allowed in SHU without having to have a screen or barrier separating the priest and the men.

Socialization Program. It has been stated by the administration that they "would have one hell of a time finding volunteers to come into SHU." We believe we could find ample volunteers to attend meetings in SHU.

Recommendation No. 11. Volunteers should come into the unit. Association with people from the outside would greatly alleviate the pressures and tensions built up within the prisoners and would give them contact with people who care for them and are concerned about the situation they are in.

"There are guards who the Parliamentary Sub-Committee recommended be removed from contact with prisoners (still) working in SHU. Guards who have been convicted in a Court of Law for breaking a prisoner's back."

Guards Working in SHU. According to the Director, the guards working in SHU are: (1) there on a voluntary basis; (2) able to communicate and get along well with prisoners. The latter can hardly be considered appropriate as some of the most notorious guards are working in this unit. There are guards who the Parliamentary Sub-Committee recommended be removed from contact with prisoners working in SHU. Guards who have been convicted in a Court of Law for breaking a prisoner's back. These guards continue to maintain their reputations by kicking on doors at night, turning night lights off and on, turning off the main lights at night, slamming food slots when meals are being passed out, and the list goes on and on.

Recommendation No. 12. There is not really anything that can be

recommended in this regard which has not been recommended in the various reports by various commissions and committees in the past years.

Summary. To those prisoners in SHU who are still capable of logic and reason, it is becoming increasingly difficult to cope with the physical and psychological torture which is an everyday part of surviving in this unit. The mere fact of surviving is no longer ac-

"With incidents such as beatings, the kicking of doors during the night shift, turning off televisions while the prisoners are watching them, and the host of others can only be thought of as cheap psychology designed for the sole purpose of provoking prisoners into reacting in a negative way, thus lessening the privileges such as they may be."

cepted as reason when the guards and administration continually play their head games. With incidents such as beatings, the kicking of doors during the night shift, turning off televisions while the prisoners are watching them, and the host of others can only be thought of as cheap psychology designed for the sole purpose of provoking prisoners into reacting in a negative way, thus lessening the privileges such as they may be. The despair, loneliness, frustration and hopelessness of not knowing when one is to be released to a normal prison population would lead a person to wonder just what is the use of continuing to lead a life such as this. Especially after spending a number of years doing the same thing . . . nothing.

There is one final recommendation which must be made. That this unit and others like it across the country be abolished. They were created in the first place as a justification to the public for the abolishment of capital punishment. How can the Government of Canada use the destruction of a man's spirit and mind as an alternative to the citizens of this country to killing them? ■

This brief was prepared, written and circulated by The Odyssey Group. The Odyssey Group is made up of prisoners serving long-term sentences in Millhaven Maximum Security Prison.

BOB DYLAN AND OUR TIMES:

THE SLOW TRAIN IS COMING

By: Jann S. Wenner

Faith is the message. Faith is the point. Faith is the key to understanding this record. Faith is finally all we have.

Because Bob Dylan had the power of insight and poetry early in his career, he became an article of faith himself. He gave so much identity and energy to so many people that eventually it could only blow up. And it did. Which was bitter, disappointing and confusing to a lot of people, including myself and, I think, also Dylan.

Within a very short period of time, forces came together that reversed Dylan's musical strength and social weight. They were events of all sorts - personal, professional, accidental: the inevitable pauses and doubts that come with age and the kind of success Dylan had. There were times themselves - long, depressing years in which we all become hopeless.

It takes only one listening to realize that "Slow Train Coming" (Columbia Records) is the best album Bob Dylan has made since "The Basement Tapes" (recorded with the Band in 1967 but not released until 1975). The more I hear the new album - at least fifty times since early July - the more I feel that it's one of the finest records Dylan has ever made. In time, it is possible that it might even be considered his greatest.

This claim will not go down easily, especially with all the "born again" clamour. So much emotion has become invested in Dylan's public image that the greater numbers of his critics and devotees torture themselves before they will put aside their previous definitions of him. In fairness, his followers have seen his work steadily weaken for almost a decade and have legitimate reasons to be extremely rigid.

In the Seventies, Dylan's situation turned almost paralytic, both for himself and his audience. Five or six superb songs weren't enough to overcome his long, stagnant interval of doubt and reconsideration. As the "spokesman" of a generation, Dylan created so many images and expectations that he narrowed his room for maneuverability and finally became unsure of his own instincts. Whatever his dilemmas, they were tied up in the social and political themes of the last ten years. In the hard times of confusion, just as in the easier times of conviction, Dylan continued to reflect society.

A broadly drawn historical perspective is the most valid way to consider "Slow Train Coming", especially if it is important to understand the old-time religion and evangelism woven into these songs. Before anyone had even heard this album, the news that Dylan was doing a little Bible reading stirred up great winds of cynicism and distrust: a kind of controversy recalling the intensity of past debates about Dylan.

Bob Dylan, has, at long last, come back into our lives and times, and it is with the most commercial LP he's ever released. "Slow Train Coming" has been made with a care and attention to detail that Dylan never gave any of his earlier records. The decision to take such time and care comes from a deep artistic and personal re-evaluation. He wanted - and after so many weak efforts and near failures, perhaps felt he had no choice - a commercial success. He was also smart enough to see that this thrust might even be the only road left for his return to brilliance.

Dylan cont'd 2 ...

The musicians on this album are the best Dylan has worked with since "Highway 61 Revisited" (1965), "Blonde on Blonde" (1966) and "The Basement Tapes" (1967).

For the third time in his long career, Dylan has turned to a full-time producer. (In the early Sixties, he used Tom Wilson; in the late Sixties, Bob Johnston). His choice for "Slow Train Coming" was an act of instinctual genius: Jerry Wexler, the EMINENCE GRISE and veteran wise man inseparably connected with the classics of Ray Charles, Aretha Franklin and Dusty Springfield, among many others. Like Dylan, Wexler has his finest LP since those fabulous Sixties, one that ranks with his greatest achievements. (Wexler shares his production credit with Barry Beckett, the extraordinary pianist of the Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section.*)

Bob Dylan once again has something urgent to sing. He's back in the land of opportunity, fate and inexplicable twists. "Slow Train Coming", built on an accumulation of reluctant and arduous changes, is the record that's been a long time coming, with an awesome, sudden stroke of transcendent and cohesive vision. This is what makes it so over-whelming.

Dylan's new songs are statements of strength and simplicity, and the lyrics again equal his early classics. The words are rich with the ambiguity of great art. Dylan has not self-consciously reached for the colorful imagery and language of "Highway 61 Revisited", symbols that, as we look back, seem dated. "Slow Train Coming" lyrics are timeless, simple, yet rich in potential levels of meaning.

Dylan's apocalyptic visions and Biblical symbolism are wholly consistent with the "protest" or "message" songs that are the historical foundation of his work. We also recognize the characters and the humour from earlier tunes: thieves, the rich and the poor. Instead of dwarfs, we have bankers. And, as always, landlords.

"Gotta Serve Somebody", the opening cut, uses a religious allegory in each chorus, but it's no different than the choice between good and evil that Dylan has always sung about.

There is no letup in the power of the rhythm and arrangements from the opening track through the last, because there's no letup in the message. Over and over again, Dylan tells us that we have a choice of doing good or doing bad.

"Precious Angel" is the most beautiful melody on the record, and it matches the beauty of the lyric. It is a country-rock arrangement (a la "Nashville Skyline"), and a Dylan trademark. There are numerous Biblical references, but in no way do they overwhelm - or ever become differentiated from - the undisguised passion of a lover's question. The song has intensely sensuous words:

You're the queen of my flesh, girl
You're my woman, you're my delight
You're the lamp of my soul, girl
You torch up the night.

The refrain - "Shine your light, shine your light on me/ I just can't make it by myself/ I'm a little too blind to see" - tears your heart out.

I am struck by two other lines: "Men will beg God to kill them/ And they won't be able to die" - a terrifying idea; and the verse that starts,

Dylan cont'd 3 ...

"Sister, let me tell you/ About a vision that I saw? You were carrying water for your husband/ You were suffering under the law", which is a clear essay on the rights of women.

"I Believe in You" is a story that shifts from the personal (love) to the philosophic (the stranger) to the religious (the disciple), and may even be a story about Jesus. In part, "I Believe In You" is about someone who adopts unpopular beliefs (implicitly religious) and faces an outcast's fate, yet the line "I believe in you/ Even on the morning after" are a rather obvious clue to quite another, yet parallel interpretation.

All of these tales - the outcast's the believer's, the lover's - are intended as one, because Dylan is finally saying only one thing: "I believe in you". The power of this song is the discovery of faith and belief, and the release and pleasure of accepting them.

"Slow Train" is unequivocally in the tradition of the "state of the union" songs that Bob Dylan has put on every record he's ever done. But for the first time since "Highway 61 Revisited", the song that is his boldest statement on the American condition is the title tune, which signals the theme of the album.

The title track is nothing less than Dylan's most mature and profound song about America. His patriotism is absolutely clear: it is a statement filled with his belief in the American Dream, as well as being infused with outrage, and with anger. I think it's his best state-of-the-union song ever, because it's tempered and deepened by a wiser understanding, which is where religion really does fit into this album.

I find it devastating.

The image of a "slow train coming up around the bend" is thoroughly American. The "train" is not just a suggestion, but it's an affirmation of America's greatness. Dylan begins this song "wondering what's happening to my companions", and verse after verse explains who his companions are and what IS happening to them. There's his "backwoods girl from Alabama", undoubtedly a very personal companion. Then there's the nation itself - a people frustrated - because they lately see themselves as powerless to affect their own national destiny. "Look around you/ It's just bound to make you embarrassed". Among other things, he says, "The enemy I see/ Wears a cloak of decency" and "They talk about a life of brotherly love/ But show me someone who knows how to live it". The solos by Mark Knopfler, Dire Straits' lead writer and guitarist, like the lyrics, are angry. They suggest vengeance and a desire to strike out.

In essence, "Slow Train" is a new kind of "Blowin' in the Wind" or "Desolation Row". But the times are now more complicated and not as easily open to broad strokes and simplistic insights. Only prophets and those most personally involved are willing to risk definitions. This has always been Bob Dylan's special link to his audience. On "Slow Train", Dylan is stating that the way you see yourself is inseparable and must be no different from the way you see others. Thus, the most powerful lyric of them all:

My baby went to Illinois
With some bad-talking boy she could destroy
A real suicide case
But there was nothing I could do to stop it
I don't care about economy
I don't care about astronomy

But it sure does bother me
To see my loved ones turning into puppets.

Set in a tough, relentless rhythm, "Gonna Change My Way of Thinking" is a fire-and-brimstone sermon stripped of subtlety, though not of poetry. Lines like these are priceless:

I got a God-fearing woman
One I can easily afford
She can do the Georgia crawl
She can walk in the spirit of the Lord.

This piece of music comes as close as anything ever has to matching the Rolling Stones. The horn arrangements and rhythm guitar bring to mind "Bitch" and "Brown Sugar". For years, Dylan has implied that he could outdo Mick Jagger, and if he ever wanted to prove the point, "Gonna Change My Way of Thinking" is it. It's certainly as good as it gets.

Mark Knopfler tears into phrases and attacks with a fearsome skill. (His licks on this song are derived mainly from Albert King). He is easily the best new guitarist in years. I'm a sucker for great guitar work. My hat is off - and eaten.

Anyone who insists on seeing "Slow Train Coming" as some frightening or worthless religious conversion should probably start with "Gonna Change My Way of Thinking" as their evidence. The song is more than a direct descendent of "With God On Our Side" and countless others in which Dylan's warnings haven't much differed from the one used here: apocalypse soon if you don't watch out. Now, the idea is developed with a stridency that makes for maximum discomfort - and maximum rock and roll.

"When You Gonna Wake Up" is another assessment of America. The tune is swinging, lowdown groove, which showcases the musicians, including Dylan, whose singing is tough, full-voiced and urgent, sounding like a zealot. Dylan's chorus, "Strengthen the things that remain," is the sentiment of a deeply concerned citizen. The lyrics are more acidic than practically anything found in rock music. I agree completely with what Dylan says about Henry Kissinger, who was one of the great evils of our times.

But neither the album itself, nor any firsthand reports from the usual suspects say that Dylan has been "born again". At the urging of various personal friends, he went to Bible-study classes led by a fundamentalist preacher. And boy, without a doubt, this record IS chapter and verse.

The album's religious content is pervasive; but more than anything, "Slow Train Coming" comes directly from Dylan's own traditions: songs of protest and patriotism; love songs - stories of romance, adoration and friendship.

Dylan's longstanding philosophy is that personal and public conduct, standards and ethical behaviour, cannot be allowed to be separated from each other. These are parables, more numerous and closely woven than ever before, assembled with the judgmental and righteous morality that has transfixed us on every great album and song Dylan has made.

"Slow Train Coming" is pure, true Dylan, probably the purest and truest Dylan ever. The religious symbolism is a logical progression of Dylan's Manichaeian vision of life and his pain-filled struggle with good and evil.

I am not so full of certainty about these times, our social standards or the conduct of my companions that I can dismiss the validity of Dylan's religiously phrased ideas. Maybe there is a personal and communal text that offers explanations, laws and practical notions that make sense where there has not been sense, and that can also give us guidelines with which to do good.

I don't go to church or to a synagogue. I don't kneel beside my bed at night. I don't think I will. I have yet to face the terror I read about in all the great literature. But, since politics, economics and war have failed to make us feel any better - as individuals or as a nation - and we look back at long years of disrepair, then maybe the time for religion has come again, and rather too suddenly - "like a thief in the night".

"When He Returns", the most religious song on this album, is Dylan's richest and most beautiful effort as a singer. Because he has been so brilliant in the other areas of his craft, Dylan has never been fully recognized as a singer. When he has a song and idea in which he believes, as he does here, the power, richness and the beauty of his voice are far greater than the words he has the sound of the soul itself.

Musically, this is probably Dylan's finest record, a rare coming together of inspiration, desire and talent that completely fuse strength, vision and art.

Bob Dylan is the greatest singer of our times. No one is better. No one, in objective fact, is even very close. His versatility and vocal skills are unmatched. His resonance and feeling are beyond those of any of his contemporaries. More than his ability with words, and more than his insight, his voice is God's greatest gift to him.

So when I listen to "When He Returns", the words finally don't matter at all. They are as good as they ever were, maybe even better.

I am hearing a voice.

- Polling Stone, September 20, 1979

- * One proof of Beckett's talent - long hidden from the public - is his solo accompaniment for "When He Returns", the record's finale, in which his playing equals Dylan's eloquence. According to Wexler, it was Dylan's intention not to sing on the song at all, rather it was to be a lead ensemble by the otherwise backup female singers. Beckett's piano track was an ad-lib accompaniment to a vocal Dylan had made as a demo for the singers to use while rehearsing. Ultimately, however, Dylan abandoned his original notion, and after practicing overnight, redid his vocal to fit the demo's spontaneous piano track. The result is an incredible job of singing by Dylan.

SOFTBALL REPORT

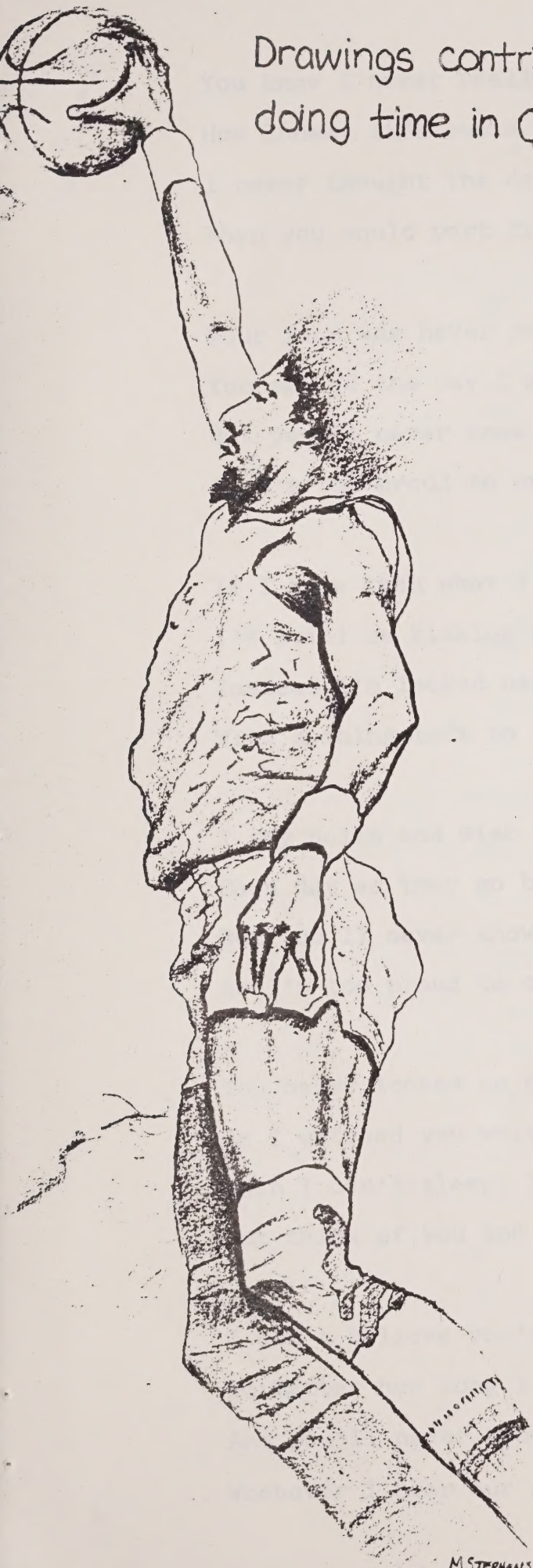
I would like to congratulate the Angels for their great effort in the Women's Misfits Softball League. The Angels wound up the regular season play as the first place team in their division. This was well-deserved as they only lost two games during the regular season.

Unfortunately, during the semifinals, the Angels lost to the Superstars in three hard-fought games. The Superstars won the first game, only to be "shut out" by the Angels 20 - 0 in the second game. The final game was tense for it went into 3 overtime innings. Sears came out on top with a score of 14 - 11, but the calibre of play from both teams was excellent.

I would like to thank Mike Smith for coaching the team, and I give a hearty thanks to our cheering section for their rowdy support. It was appreciated. In all, it was a very enjoyable season, and we'll be looking forward to next year.

by: Ms. J. Noble

Drawings contributed to Tightwire by Mark Stephens
doing time in Columbus, Ohio



Drawings contributed to the *Journal of the Royal Society*
during time in Columbia Ohio

These drawings are arranged in the order in which they were
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TOO PROUD TO CRY

You know I never realized
How lonely life could be;
I never thought the day would come
When you would part from me.

Your face was never sweeter
You smiled the day I said good-bye;
But you'll never know how much I hurt
As I'm too proud to cry.

If I knew then what I know now
I'd still be kissing you;
Instead I'm locked here in a cell
With nothing left to do.

I say hello and wish you well
Each day as they go by,
But you'll never know how much I hurt
As I'm too proud to cry.

You never looked so beautiful
As I watched you walk away;
When I can't sleep, I don't count sheep,
But think of you and pray.

I can't believe you'd leave me,
No matter how long I'm gone;
And you'll never know how much it hurts
Whenever I hear our song.

It seems so wrong to be alone,
And I never dreamed we'd ever part;
And the tears that fall you'll never see,
As they're falling in my heart.

To go through life without you love
I guess I'd rather die;
But you'll never know how much I hurt,
As I'm too proud to cry.....

MISSING YOU

Each time I look at your picture
My heart is crushed and sore;
And the silent tears my heart cries out
For the sweet love we shared before.

Maybe you don't know that I miss you
And if you count the tears I've shed
You'd try your best to understand
The wild life I've led.

I whisper your name while I'm sleeping,
And I hug my pillow tight;
But I guess you don't know I miss you,
Each morning, noon and night.

by:

Bruce Jones
Joyceville

THE FIRE

by: Rosemary Bennett



Rosemary Bennett '79.

Early evening, summer sun slanted through the windshield. The afternoon's heat was almost abated by dusk's cool. I drove down the freeway after my regular Sunday dinner at the farm. I reflected on the city...such a change from the home ritual...back to the bustle of the races tomorrow.

Old Dan, my best lead pony, was overwhelmingly on my mind. He had been all day. Dan had had a violent allergic reaction to some worming medicine administered on Saturday night. I had to give him an antihistamine shot every eight hours. Normally I would not have left the farm this early. I would have stayed the night and driven in early through the dawn's beginning of summer heat.

As I cleared the last major curve and the end of the freeway neared, the vista of the city skyline appeared. I glanced toward the racetrack; it was a habit. I always noted the tower at the PNE.

For a second in didn't register...then realization struck me. There was smoke...black smoke...black smoke against the sky! No, I thought to myself...then yes...it was from the barn area. Ice formed on my heart; and my foot hit the gas peddle as though it was a separate entity.

I hit the lights at Cassair and Hastings going fast...too fast to stop if they changed. I don't think I would have tried to stop if they had. I roared through the intersection...and then I heard the wail of sirens...many sirens.

The first turn-off to the race track was a short block away. I backed off the gas peddle, but still I spun tire marks as I made the turn. Gravel spewed from my wheels as I sped across the parking lot toward the main gate entrance.

Now I could really see...the smoke was already a black pall over the first barn by the race track.

I was out of the car running almost before it hit park on the gear shift. "Where's the fire department?" I demanded of the guard. I knew I wouldn't wait for an answer.

His face was a pale flash. I knew he's never been through a barn fire. "They're coming. They're coming!" he stammered.

I hardly heard him; I was gone through the barrier in a second's time and directed my feet toward our barn. For once the guard had the good sense not to ask to see my licence.

Sunday evening at the race track leaves a skeleton crew at every barn. The only necessary thing to be done is watering the horses off. Most people take advantage of the peace of an off-night from the races, and disappear from the barn area on various errands.

It could have taken only seconds to reach the barn, but in those few seconds a myriad of thoughts assailed me; the close proximity of

my own barn to the next one over; how fast a barn fire can spread; the fact that so few people were about to help; the fire department, though I could hear the sirens, hadn't arrived yet; how many terror-stricken horses we would have to turn loose...The thoughts kept on and on. And while they ran through my mind, I mused that I could have so many thoughts flying about all at once. I felt disassociated, but at least they were all logical ideas; I hadn't felt the real panic yet.

I was given no time for the panic. The fire was rampaging along the roof of the barn. Dry from an unseasonable heatwave, and being asphalt sheet covered, it fed the flame well. A man couldn't run as fast as that dancing terror travelled that roof.

As I slid to a halt at the upper end of the barn, I heard Sonny's voice. It had a desperate edge. He was shouting something and I strained to hear over the wild crackle.

Finally I heard, "The end tack room. There's a kid in the end tack room!! Get him out of there!" Sonny's voice was almost cracking with suppressed terror. As he shouted he ran from stall to stall slamming doors open and trying to rush horses out of their private infernos.

I wheeled to the door and grabbed for the handle. Locked! How could anyone sleep through this commotion - and if the kid didn't awaken to my pounding and shouts...well...he just plain wouldn't wake up. At last - though it couldn't have been a minute - I heard the latch hook click; and the kid stumbled out into the shedrow in a billow of smoke that had entered the tack room from the blazing roof. He was dazed with sleep and his eyes were terrified.

There was no mercy in my voice as I commanded, "Help Sonny!" As I ran toward our barn, I wondered how I could have no feelings toward

the kid. There wasn't time...no time at all to console someone. Everyone had to function...now...quickly and accurately. There was no room for hesitation.

Horses - especially race horses - are strange, erratic creatures. Honed to a racing pitch and used to their stalls twenty-three hours a day, they do not let even fire drive them from their sanctuary. They are safe there, it is home, and in order to make them leave one had to literally chase them out of their stalls, and out of the barn. The only way to keep them out is to shut the stall door behind them and pray that they are swept up in the turmoil of other freed horses. Otherwise, they will run right back in to their own stalls; even though the stalls may be totally ablaze. I have seen them run through a closed door - frantic for the safety they think is there.

I ran down the roadway which intervened between the burning barn and our barn. Though adjacent, our barn was shorter and downhill. It, and three or four other barns, were tucked below the protecting curve of the backstretch. The man who had nicknamed the little segment of the barn area was long dead; but it remained Skunk Hollow, and probably would for many generations of posterity. The front of our barn and the hill's slope formed a natural funnel effect which segregated the lower section of the barn area.

I could see a group of people clustered around the outside wall closest to the fire. A couple of the men were spraying water on the wall which was smoldering threateningly.

"What's happening, Billy? Do you think we should turn them loose?" I asked breathlessly. Everything I said seemed to be staccato; nothing could waste time.

Billy's old, blue eyes looked tired already, and his face was

pinched and white. "Yes, I think it's time."

What thoughts go through a man's head when he opens the door of a fifty thousand dollar colt and turns him loose? A colt that could possibly be his family's meal ticket for the next three or four years? A colt that he might possibly not see alive again, or who could return with crippled legs and a dead heart? Billy hesitated at the first door for just a second, and then he ripped it open and shooed his best colt through the doorway.

My ponies were around the corner in a row of outside stalls. I left Billy and his crew turning horses loose and dashed around to my side. It seemed as though I had already been running for hours.

I flipped open the four doors. The ponies left with no problem. The noise, smell, and infectious excitement in the air had left them alert and ready. I felt no qualms while turning them loose. They were not so finely bred, and had more sense than their high strung thoroughbred relatives. They would take care of themselves.

Sun's last rays glinted angles across the backstretch fence. The darkness was sweeping fast; in minutes, dusk would be replaced by night.

I worked frantically. I flung open the door to my tackroom; and grabbing up my tack, I tossed it out onto the sandpile away from the barn and out of the fire's way. Then I started down the row of adjoining stalls. Door after door...I snapped them open. The only hesitation came when I reached Dave's old stud who held court in the last stall. If I turned him loose and the barn didn't go...but if I didn't turn him loose and the barn went...

He had broken down the last time he ran and I knew how sore he was. He stood at the door...head raised, nostrils flaring, and eyes tension bright. I opened the door and jumped back. He stumbled on

his first step out the door, but regained his footing and disappeared into the first gathering glum with a flick of class. For an instant, the fire reflection from above burnished the red-bay hide...and then he was gone.

Running again...around the corner and into the main shed-row of our barn...then more doors, one after another - jerk them open, then slam them shut and relatch them.

I glanced down the shedrow and saw old Les. He had a shank on his favourite colt and was trying to head him out of the barn. Then I heard them coming...down the other side of the shedrow.

In a barn area which holds twelve hundred head, each released barn added approximately one hundred head of terror stricken, confused, wild-eyed thoroughbreds to the general mayhem. They streamed through the barn area in ragged groups of up to seventy or eighty horses. Over fire hoses, through barns, into firemen; they poured like autumn leaves caught in a November gale - and with less direction.

"Les, turn him loose!" My voice sounded like it came from an echo chamber. Is that me shouting? I thought.

"No way! I can't turn him loose. He'd be hurt." Les' voice was angry, insulted that I should even suggest he turn his baby loose.

Suddenly they poured around the barn behind him...twenty-five or thirty head...all crazy with running and fear inflated, like giant inner tubes. The colt exploded, dragging Les up the shedrow until his body slammed into a door. The colt dissolved into the racing group., forming just one more segment of the unthinking herd.

I snatched an open door against me, and pressed myself between

it and the wall, while the fear streamed by me. My heart was in my throat and I smelled the sweat and felt the tangible excitement. Choking on the dust, I felt like I could touch the air...it was so vibrant.

I started down the shedrow towards Les. Jimmy and a couple of the green kids were already to him. "He's OK - just the wind knocked out of him," Jimmy called.

Our numbers were growing rapidly now. The moccasin telegraph of the racetrack was activated. As people caught minutes to themselves, they called other people at home. The messages were simple. There's a fire! We need help!...then the phones slammed down and people flung on clothes and headed for the track.

And then...there's the feeling...the sudden urge to check your horses. It comes from nowhere...but for some unknown reason it was bringing people down to the barns.

In a flash, my mind started again. There were horses everywhere. I felt isolated in all that melee.

The fire department had arrived long ago. That meant only one thing...the main gate had been opened. God, if horses had escaped through the open gate they would be spread all over the East end by now.

The race track was the best idea...If they would open the big central gate the horses could be chased out on the track and contained; but the fire department was centered around that gate. And then...how did I know what was really going on up at that end?

We shut the large doors to our barn and I looked down into the Hollow. There must have been a hundred to a hundred and fifty horses milling around down there! It was a natural place to hold them. Little Judy and two or three of the younger boys were standing across the mouth formed by the barn and the hillside.

"We can keep them down there. We have to!" Judy's voice was filled with suppressed anxiousness. "Help us!"

I joined them and I noticed Mal. He stood a short distance further toward the sand pile. He seemed to be looking at the horses. His shoulders slumped and he seemed rooted to the spot.

"Mal! Mal! Get back up here and help us!" I hardly recognized my voice. He didn't move. The horses were turning...and in a moment they would break and run toward us...Mal stood right in their path.

I found myself beside him. I had his arm grasped firmly. "Come on Mal; you have to help us!"

His eyes were blank...as though my presence hadn't been noticed. His face was dead...tears slid silently down Mal's cheeks; but no sound accompanied them. I was an automaton. The horses were moving quickly now....whirling in bursts.

I hit him...slapped him across the face. My hand stung. Have you ever slapped a friend? A friend you respect? It was a shock to both of us...our eyes met. In that split second something sublime passed between us. And then he was functional again. "Let's go," he said.

We moved as one back up to join Judy and the boys. Mal and I have discussed that night since...but never has that slap been mentioned again.

The horses plunged at us...and we were screaming demons. The horses were one - charging full tilt! Arms flailing and voices hysterical, we turned them.

The night was becoming jagged edges of memories. All we could do was carry on. People moved past each other...everyone in a hurry...unseeing - lost in their own desperation.

The fire was out. Two barns were charred, ash-stained ghost skeletons of cement block. Our barn remained intact, except for patches on one wall. It was all wood...if the fire had reached it fully

it would have been nothing but a pile of ashes.

Now came the sorting...approximately six hundred head were scattered throughout the barn area, on the race track, and Heaven only knows where! People slid by through the smoke-clouded air carrying halters and shanks. "Have you found any of our horses?" was the standard greeting. Crews found each other, and delegated members to each area where groups of horses could be seen or heard milling around.

The fire department was trying to sort out its equipment. They were mud-soaked and despondent. Tangled hoses laid this way and that, sliced by shod hooves in the turmoil. The road ways were seas of mud formed by the leaking hoses.

Sonny stood hunch shouldered at the top of what had been his barn. While he struggled with the first barn early in the night, the fire had spread to his own barn. Fifteen of his horses, over half of his stock, were charred carcasses in stalls at the far end.

I found the time essential to look for my own ponies. Old Dan was tied to a hot-walking machine at the far end of Skunk Hollow. The worst actors of the studs turned loose, had been captured and tied to machines so that the rest of the horses could be calmed a little easier. Dave's old stud stood, head hanging, tied to another arm. My mare had stayed close to old Dan; she stood beside him as though seeking warmth and protection from the excitement. The other two vagabonds were nowhere to be seen.

I heard Linsey calling my name, "They're over here!" he shouted.

There they were, perched like a pair of mountain goats, up on the hillside behind Linsey's barn. How they got up that steep incline, I'll never know...but the rattle of a feed can full of oats

brought them stumbling down and sliding in a shower of rocks and wet soil, back down.

Wet soil? I thought. My God, it's raining. I hadn't even noticed it before. I wondered when it started. The blessed rain...if it had only come a day earlier, the fire would not have found such an easy foothold.

My thoughts were random. The exhaustion was starting to tell on all of us...and now the added discomfort of wetness was noticed. There was no irritation in anyone's voice though...just resolution.

The full extent of the losses had not yet hit us. The Agricultural Building and the Agrodome at the P.N.E. had been opened and dislodged horses were being housed over there. All the trucking outfits had sent their horse vans to the track, and they worked hand in hand with the horsemen to bring in horses that had cleared the grounds.

I saw Bud up at the Agrodome. He was older and he had a bad heart. He also had the strongest stable of good horses on the grounds...Every one of them had been turned loose - without even halters on them. He moved silently...searching amongst each newly arrived load of horses for his two best fillies. Dawn was just starting to brush light across the sky and they hadn't been located.

"Bud!" Chips, a van driver hollered, "I found them...found them out at the entrance to the Port Mann bridge. You should see their shoes Bud! You could shave with them. They must have gotten further than any of the horses."

Bud's faded blue eyes looked a little watery. "How are they?"

"Good! They look okay!"

A slight smile stole across Bud's face. "Always said they could run," he quipped laconically.

I wound my way back down to the barn...my mind as numb as my

body...drained by hours of sustained excitement. A final check on the ponies and then...

I slid on the roadway...my pants legs soaked to the knees with mud, and my running shoes two sodden masses. The air was pungent with smoke...an odour like the stench of death permeated everything. I didn't turn my head toward the burned hulks of buildings as I plodded towards the main gait.

The door to the Olds was still open. I slid across the wet seat and reached automatically for the keys still dangling from the ignition. I sat for just a moment; feeling the shudders which wished to takeover my body. Then I backed out and drove away.

What a night! I shook my head. Later...later...I'll have to see. For now...I was bent on a cup of hot tea, dry clothes, and a few hours rest. The destruction and broken dreams could wait.

The last splatterings of rain slid down the car's windshield. The tires made a satisfied swish through the puddles on the pavement. I felt the night's tension start to wash away as I caught a glimpse of the panorama of the North Shore through the trees on McGill Street.

DO YOU BELONG

You are a new face

In a big and strange place

You are unfamiliar

And you feel peculiar.

This is a new school

There is a new rule

You are looked upon as strange

You feel a bit deranged.

You enter a new job

You face a new mob

They do not talk to you

You feel very blue.

This is the big house

In which you are a mouse

As quiet and shy

You feel the time go by.

Every new place

There is always a trace

A new and strange face

To start a new pace.

by: Carol Townshend

ANOTHER THOUGHT

The big steel door closes behind me
It's like being temporarily dead
Everything stops
Except the thoughts in my head.

My eyes turn dull and lifeless
My body is cold and damp
I remember how I feel
When I turn on the lamp.

I want to stay in the dark
I do not want to see
This place where I am not me
And won't be till I'm free.

Carol Townshend

THE BIG EXCUSE

HE hays he needs more money
So he can stay even with Chargex
Well, I'm here to tell you, Honey
That's a cop out
For your extravagant charges.

18,000 is quite enough
For a normal standard of living
Your excuses are a big bluff
You are part of the system
And never giving.

You want your dental plan
You want your raise every year
The inflation of this land
Is caused by you
And your never ending tear.

If you would stop and think
If you would settle for less
The inflation would go on the brink
Fall over the edge
And destroy this mess.

Carol Townshend

N I G H T C A L L E R

By
Jane Billings



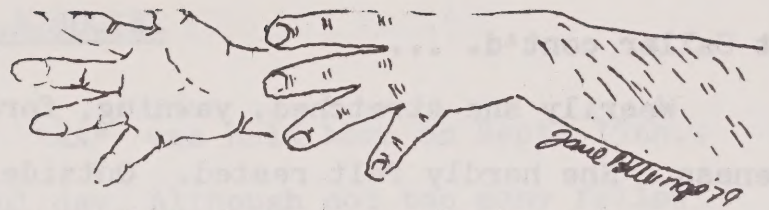
Eleven o'clock. One by one, the cell doors clank shut.

Lock up. Shams are pulled back, eyes peer in at you; another body counted.

Damp all over; beads of sweat moisten her upper lip and little streams of water trickle between her breasts. The humid summer doesn't discourage the night sounds of crickets which reach her through an open window across from her cell, and an occasional, gentle breeze manages to find her but gives little relief. Then the symphony of mysterious sounds begins; some high-pitched, some low, some repetitive, regular, others short, erratic, infrequent; broken by a cough or the voice of some night caller two cells down. The snoring and sleep talking often keep her awake and restless; and the light, the light,

Night Caller cont'd. ...

it never goes out.



"Please gentle, quiet sleep let me nestle in your arms and feel your caress. Let me escape this miserable place."

Yes, there were arms; strong masculine arms, where she had expected female, but they didn't hold her. They were pulling, pulling, but she couldn't move. She was stuck. She was screaming, "don't pull, please, just hold me", but no sound came. He did not hear. She looked again to see his face, but there was no face, no body, only arms. Now more arms pulling at her from all directions. They would not give her peace. They were tearing at her. She was disintegrating.

Then she saw them. Maggots, maggots eating at her heart. She was transparent, she could see them. Yes, they were eating her brain too, right behind her eyes. She could see them. She could feel them. Maybe they were even eating her eyes; the very eyes that viewed them. She was filled with terror; a cold chill shivered her body; she pulled her blanket around her.

A sound reached her ears; distant at first then louder. The sea? Yes, yes, she could almost smell it; and the crash, the roar, it had to be the sea. She ran, ran. The sound grew louder. She could not see, only blackness, but the sound was drawing closer, closer. She kept running. Boom! Boom! her heart pounded in her ears; she was breathing hard; her breaths came quickly one on top of another.

"Release", she thought, "Oh, to reach the sea".

Startled, she sat up in her bed. The crash, the grating of steel on steel as the cell door slid open. No matter how quietly the matrons tried to open those doors they opened with a loud, cold sound.

Night Caller cont'd. ...

Wearily she stretched, yawning, forcing herself into awareness. She hardly felt rested. Outside she could hear a gull's sharp cry; bed springs squeaked; grunts and muffled swears; water faucets clunked, choaked, spat water; toilets roared, flushing, gurgling back to rest; the rising sounds of fellow inmates.

"It seems like I just fell asleep; at least it's not hot yet", she inwardly complained, "7:30, already?!!"



A.A.SOCIAL

Our annual social for "AA" was held here on Sept. 15th., and it was a very successful day. Although not too many fellow members showed up, it was still a great day. In future we hope that more will show! It began at 1:00 and finished up at 9:30. Our M.C. was Irene S. and she did a wonderful job. Special thanks to the ladies who helped run it; and a very special thank you to Edie K. and Marcel G. who prepared the food beautifully. Also, a special thanks to all the kitchen girls who helped.

Our Liason Officer, who has been with the Serenity Group for some time now, has left, and we would like to wish her all the best. So Monica, good luck in the future! There are a lot of warm feelings from several of the ladies here for our special guest speaker, Billy B. Everyone really enjoyed his talk.

I would like to thank all the ladies who were involved in making the gifts for the presentations; we really appreciated all their hard work.

I sincerely hope all that did come fully enjoyed themselves as much as I did, and I wish each and every one the very best in the future. I do hope to see some of the fellow members come to our regular Thursday night group meetings. By all means, do drop in when you are passing through the area, even if only to say 'Hello'. This also applies to members who have never been here - we'd love to see you. We're always glad to have guests share their experiences with us, and hopefully we can help each other no matter where we are. And with this, I'll say, "One day at a time does it, and take care."

Debbie H.

66

WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF LOVE?????

Answer these ten questions:

1. Is there one special - really special - person in your life whom you think about the first thing every morning and the last thing at night? (Or was there one in the past?)
2. Do you long to be with that person - but find yourself shy or nervous about doing anything that might affect their feelings for you?
3. Is that person so terrific that you find it easy to understand, ignore, or explain away those qualities others see as negative?
4. Do you catch yourself many times a day thinking about the person - reliving a shared moment - anticipating some action or event that would indicate how much the person cares for you?
5. When your involvement is most intense do your emotions soar to great heights or plunge to appalling depths, depending on how you think the person feels about you?
6. Is your longing to be with the person so acute at times that you literally "ache" around the heart?
7. Do you want more than anything to join your life with this person in some lasting way?
8. Do some things that once seemed important to you now seem trivial - and do the formerly trivial things now have much deeper meaning?
9. Do you feel that without that person life is not worth living?
10. Do you love that person by all definitions of that word - and do you need, above all, to know that the person loves you?

To learn what your answers mean and to find out what new psychological research shows about love, read on for Dr. Dorothy Tennov's fascinating report.

WHAT DO WE KNOW OF LOVE?

By

Dorothy Tennov, PhD.

If you answered yes to the questions on the preceding page, you are - or probably have been, in the past - in a state of limerence.

LIMERENCE?

Yes, limerence - a term devised by behavioural scientist Dorothy Tennov to distinguish the state often referred to as "being in love" from other kinds of emotional experience.

But why a new term for an experience many of us might think is well described already by the words "in love"?

It was not an arbitrary decision on the part of Dr. Tennov. After years of studying the experience of falling or being "in love", she realized the extent to which most of us confuse being romantically "in love" with other kinds of love and attraction. She discovered as well that certain aspects of being "in love" occur with amazing regularity among people who in other respects are quite different, and that those aspects can be used both to define limerence and to distinguish it from other feelings of love. (And contrary to popular opinion, the experience is the same for men as it is for women.)

One surprising result was that many people who at first identified themselves to Dr. Tennov as being "in love" turned out not to be limerent. They were not experiencing, that is, certain states of being that always are part of the experience of being limerent. If, for example, you feel doubtful about answering yes to the questions on the previous page, you probably have not experienced limerence - at least, not yet.

But this is neither "good" nor "bad", for Mother Nature seems to have played a very fair hand in this particular game of love. There are advantages to experiencing limerence and there are advantages to being free of limerence, as Dr. Tennov explains in the following article.

- Editorial Comment from Redbook Magazine
(October issue)

IT MUST BE LOVE, we say, true love - meaning the kind of love that makes us feel "crazy in love" or "head over heels" or dizzy and delirious ... and happy. (Unless - unhappy chance - our love is not returned, and then we suffer.) And how many songs, how much poetry, how many books, movies, folk tales and even paintings explore this one phenomenon! Only religion, it seems, has influenced the creative efforts of humankind more than has love in general and "romantic love" in particular.

Yet for centuries we have entertained misconceptions about romantic love and have taken many false steps through ignorance. The story has been told and retold countless times. We somehow fall in love with that one special person. We marry. Then we are shocked and hurt when love "dies."

What do we know of love? ... cont'd. 2 ...

Or we mistakenly refuse to marry because we believe one of the oldest and most powerful of myths - that romantic love cannot exist, at least for long, within marriage. We have the vague, uneasy feeling that there is something about marriage itself that inevitably stifles the burning fires of grand passion; and in fact, there is. But that "something" - as I have learned during 12 years of research - has very little to do with the actual state of being married. It has, instead, almost everything to do with the very nature of romantic love itself.

In the course of my work as a behavioural scientist and as a professor, I have interviewed or corresponded with hundreds of women and men who were willing to share with me their personal lives and deepest feelings on this subject. Initially it was the genuine misery of two students, as well as past personal experience, that set me to thinking about the fact that scientific studies have neglected "romantic love". One young man, unable to think about anything except his beloved, had lost an entire semester's work. The second student had taken to drink.

Some ten per cent of those who lose hope in love, I later discovered, seriously contemplate suicide. Surely any condition capable of creating so many highly charged effects, both negative and positive, deserves closer investigation - of a sort different from the moving analyses conducted over many centuries by the great poets.

Searching for serious and comprehensive studies of romantic love, however, I could find none. Yet the more research I conducted personally, the more I became convinced that it is extremely important for the behavioural sciences to understand the serious impact falling "in" and "out" of love may have on our lives.

In my new book, "LOVE AND LIMERENCE: The Experience of Being in Love," I discuss at length the major findings of my 12-year study. Among other things, I explain why I believe it was necessary - to avoid linguistic confusion about the many different kinds of love - to invent the word "limerence" to describe the state of falling or being "in love" as opposed to all the many other kinds of emotional pulls between people. It is a useful distinction, I believe, for without doubt, the experience I studied is an experience totally different from any other.

What is fascinating is that everyone who falls "in love" does so in much the same way, and that for as long as people remain limerent, they share certain characteristics with every other person who is or has been limerent. (The fact that many people never become limerent, however, explains why many people find it difficult to understand much of the fuss in romantic books, movies and songs that endlessly celebrate the finding of love - or mourn its loss.)

Another finding that may surprise you is that there is no true psychological profile of the type of person most likely to succumb to limerence. All sorts of people told me about their limerent experiences and all sorts of people told me they were sure they had not experienced limerence. Those who were limerent at the time they were interviewed couldn't imagine life any other way, but those who were not limerent didn't want to change either.

And clearly women do not have a monopoly on this form of "love". Reports from both men and women described the same emotional reactions. It's true that teen-agers tended to be more limerent than others, but all the evidence suggests that anyone, at any stage of life, may prove just as susceptible as an adolescent.

Many people who at first identified themselves to me, with great enthusiasm, as being "in love" decided - once given a definition of limerence - that they were not limerent by any stretch of the imagination and were greatly relieved. Why? Because they wanted no part of limerence's obsessive thinking, emotional dependence and fear of rejection. (And those who had found themselves the unwilling objects of someone else's limerence were especially emphatic on this point.)

Those who never experience limerence sidestep not only its ecstasies but its agonies. Their energies are never drained by what might be called the "worst" of the stages of limerence:

At first, there is attraction, for whatever reason. To objective observers, of course, the reason may seem small indeed - hence the old saw that "love is blind". Then as the state of limerence evolves out of that initial attraction, thinking becomes obsessive and there is an intense desire for reciprocation from the other person. People who are limerent constantly have intrusive thoughts about the person they love, as well as an acute longing for that person, whereas when we are not limerent we usually can turn thoughts of the person we love on or off at will.

Typically the state of limerence, unless it centres around some person totally beyond our reach, is created by certain conditions. Our interest in the other person must be returned to some degree - but not too much, at least in the beginning. We must have some hope - but also some uncertainty.

Then when our limerence seems returned to some degree (but not too much!) we become especially vulnerable to intense feelings and are unable to wrench our mind away from the person upon whom our obsession is centered. Whether we normally are dependent personalities or not, our reactions come to depend on the reactions of the other person.

We also are unable to be "in love" with another person at the same time. And we actually experience certain bodily sensations, such as an "ache" in the general area of the heart (accurately, scientifically, in the ventral to the sternum region of the chest), and sensations of buoyancy, or "walking on air". We experience bliss, in all manner of degrees, when the loved one reciprocates our interest, or we suffer the pain and the anguish of the loved one's disinterest.

It is clear that while limerence has much to do with the person we love, in the end it has more to do with ourselves. We feel possessed - truly. We feel an overwhelming urge for the loved one to return our interest - but we nevertheless remain self-absorbed. We want the loved one to feel as we feel.

It's little wonder that nonlimerents often say that as far as they're concerned, the obsession and the "possessiveness" of limerence is to be avoided, if possible, not only in themselves but also in their partner. Many who have been limerent in the past but are not currently so say the same thing. And yet ... many who have been limerent still say, if they are not already married, that they hope to return to a state of limerence someday, to fall "in love" once again.

As a rule, the intense stage of limerence eventually fades or it is transformed into another kind of love, for either circumstances make it clear that there is no hope or else we win the prize and the rules of the game change. Consider the experiences of three different women I have seen in my private practice in recent years.

A woman I'll call Jennifer is a 26-year-old computer operator who consulted me because she wanted to make sure she would not regret her decision to obtain a divorce. "I don't know why they call it 'falling' in love," she said. "I walked on air. The fall came later, with a thud. Al and I had lived together in what

now seems like blissful union - I thought it was only a marriage certificate short of perfection.

"What an idiot I was," she added. "Although there was nothing sudden or dramatic about it. We got along almost exactly as before, but aside from his bedroom skills he began to seem dull, so even sex began to feel deliberate and impersonal. It's not because I'm no longer in love with him that I want to leave; it's because we're people of basically different values, tastes and temperaments."

Jennifer believed she could accept the fact that romantic bliss is temporary, but she insisted that with her husband Al there was nothing left once the romance had faded. Clearly the state of obsession and yearning she had been in before her marriage was different from the emotional state and the kind of feelings that are rooted in real concern for another person.

The uncertainty Jennifer once felt about Al had kept her emotions at fever pitch, but then her uncertainty had been based on misperceptions. She said, for example, that what she now saw as dullness in Al she once had interpreted as "extraordinarily high intelligence spiked with mystery. He didn't change. I still see the same things, but the mystery is gone."

Would the mystery have dissipated if she and Al had not married? Yes, almost certainly, for once the prize is won, within marriage or without, limerence declines. How long does limerence usually last? It seems to have an average life span of six months to two years. Only in the sense that people who are limerent usually do desire marriage - ultimate proof that their interest in the loved one is reciprocated - can it be said that marriage "stifles" romantic love. For again, once the prize is won, limerence either fades or is transformed.

People who marry in a state of limerence, that is, either "come to their senses" and realize that their mates are wrong for them, as did Jennifer, or else they find that their original, highly charged emotional hunger is transformed into calmer feelings of affection and concern, feelings we might want to call "real" love - and feelings that make it possible for them to turn at least part of the energy once absorbed by passion to other interests and responsibilities. Unless, unfortunately, as sometimes happens, the limerent's partner never allows the limerent to reach a state of emotional calm.

A woman I'll call Gwen was 45 years old when she first came to see me. She and her husband Barry had been married for over 20 years and had twin daughters in high school. Gwen's problem was that her emotional state was still as dependent on signs of affection from Barry as it had been during their courtship, but her sustained limerence was hardly blissful. No, it was, in her own words, a "continual torment."

For all the years of their marriage, Gwen's husband had kept her in a state of perpetual uncertainty. "I was always unsure of him," she said. "Before we were married he would disappear for weeks, and then, just when I was ready to give up, he'd call and I'd always succumb. I never felt certain of anything except that Barry was the only man in the world who interested me. He was handsome and intelligent, and even at twenty-three - his age when we met - he was successful."

What do we know of love? ... cont'd. 5 ...

"Today," she continued, "he's generally regarded as brilliant, he's financially where he had planned to be and our children adore him. I hate him. He's never allowed me that emotional security I see my friends and other people enjoying. I hate him because I am as in love with him now as I was two weeks after we met."

Once limerence has taken hold, a certain combination of hope and uncertainty seems to keep its painful fires burning indefinitely, even when your feelings come to include real hatred. "I thought things would settle down after we were married," Gwen explained. "Then I thought they would settle down after the children were born. Then I hoped with each of his career successes that something would change and I could focus my attention on other aspects of life."

But with each change Barry managed to keep Gwen in the same old rut, still sharing with her only that part of his life that he chose to share. When she complained, he would hear her out with infinite patience, but he never made any attempt to change. If he had been consistent either in showing no interest in Gwen or in allowing her to count on his genuine interest and affection, her obsession with how he reacted to her would have subsided.

Instead, after 20 years Gwen was still waiting for his calls, was preoccupied with planning their next time together and was doing everything she could think of to keep herself attractive to him. "I'm ashamed to admit it," she said, "but my life centres so completely around him that at times I even find myself giving less to my own daughters than I think they should get from me."

Fortunately, the majority of married people with whom I have worked over the years have reported that the original, ecstatic bliss of limerence was replaced eventually by a kind of loving companionship I now call Affectional Bonding. It happened that way for a third woman, whom I will call Mary. She and her husband Phil had known each other in high school, but only casually. They met again when they both had summer jobs at the same company, before Phil's senior year at college.

"It only took one look on my part," says Phil, "just like the songs say, but I had to wait most of the summer for Mary to look back. I planned our meetings at the coffee machine with about as much care as a general planning strategy for an army. I spent whole evenings spinning complicated visions of what I would say or do in order to impress her."

(One important characteristic of limerence is that people in love often obtain some emotional relief by vividly imagining actions on the part of the other person that would imply reciprocation. In contrast to sexual fantasies, which may involve situations we would not like to experience in reality, limerent fantasies involve something literally desired.

The goal of limerent fantasy, in short, in short, is some action by the object of limerence that signifies reciprocation; that of sexual fantasy is usually orgasm. Limerent fantasies may include sexual thoughts, but images of sexual activities are not dominant in limerent fantasies and may not occur at all.

What do we know of love? ... cont'd. 6 ...

At acute stages of limerence, the desire to give oneself up to reverie or fantasy - to "mooning" - is very strong; and the impulse occurs despite strong efforts to the contrary. It is also in this sense that the limerent person has "intrusive" thoughts.)

Phil did not want Mary to realize how strong his feelings were. "If she had," he says, "she might have run. I pursued her, but carefully. I'd been rejected in the past when I went too fast, and I wasn't about to make that mistake with Mary.

"The first year we were married," he insists, "was out of the storybooks. We couldn't get enough of each other. I'd call her two or three times a day, and all we wanted was to be alone with each other. When Tim was born we were both ecstatic, and incorporated him into our lives easily, likewise with Shelly and Alice."

But Phil admits that his feelings for Mary did change after a while. "Gradually," he says, "I was less 'in love', but at the same time, in a sense, I was more truly loving. I no longer felt desolate in her absence and deliriously happy just because she was around. My job required a lot more from me. With all our responsibilities, our relationship became more a working partnership, less that of lovers blind to the world. We grew up, I guess, and it wasn't a bad thing at all." Mary describes their marriage almost exactly as Phil does.

Interviews with people like Mary and Phil, like Gwen and like Jennifer, suggest that although the heights of mutual limerence may indeed be what the French novelist Stendhal called "the greatest happiness that can exist in human experience," its orderly demise is hardly tragic. Quite the contrary, for when limerence does not fade or give way to Affectional Bonding, life can be very difficult.

But why should this be so? It is impossible to say. We might as easily ask why we have to grow up or grow old or die. Just as nature provides limerence to some in order to bring couples together and to initiate new families, nature usually provides an end to the intense distractions of limerence; and end to the obsessive thinking and to that intense, almost-painful pleasure of being with the person we adore that prevents us from wanting to do anything else. The end of limerence allows us to get on with other very important, very interesting aspects of life. (Perhaps it is not so odd that couples whose relationships are not based on limerence often seem to make wiser marriages choices.)

Caught in a state of limerence, one can do little but enjoy it to the fullest (and if not caught, perhaps to count that as a blessing). For once you are madly "in love", it is extremely difficult to ignore the pleasurable "aches" in the ventral to the sternum region of your chest, to turn off the flashing lights and the ringing bells, long enough to evaluate the fact that you and the person you love may have entirely different characters, values and goals in life. Walking on air is too exciting. It also, in some strange way, makes people feel invincible, so that even if they are able to recognize obstacles, they feel sure they will be able to overcome them.

Eventually we may land with a thud, as did Jennifer. Or we continue to "ache" around the heart but, as the years go by, in rather a more painful than a thrilling way, as has Gwen. But the luckiest of us, when nature provides an end to the distractions of limerence, go on to build more-permanent and more-satisfying partnerships, as have Mary and Phil.

Perhaps if we continue to probe the mysteries of limerence we someday will be able to predict whether we will be, as individuals, "lucky" or "unlucky," (But the continuing, serious study of limerence will not, I believe, ever destroy the real beauty and ecstasy of this type of "love.")

Certainly divorce - and the subsequent disrupted lives of millions of children - is a "love" problem that might be alleviated if we understood more about the nature of limerence. Further research might also help the many who suffer from unhappy love affairs, particularly those that lead to violence against one-man sexuality has helped many who suffer from sexual problems.

At present we can at least say that two mysteries have been solved. One is the difficulty you might have had - if you have never experienced limerence - in understanding the strange, even temporarily crazy, behaviour of people who are limerent, and vice versa. Once I succeeded in determining the invariant aspects of the limerence reaction (as described by all who are or have been limerent), an interesting thing happened. Everyone in subsequent interviews expressed relief at learning that we all do not share the same love experiences; that it is normal for some people to be limerent and that it is normal for some people to be nonlimerent.

The second mystery was why people who marry when they are madly "in love" almost never can sustain that state of bliss. You cannot, whether you marry or not. For your state of limerence - unless it is kept painfully alive for you by your partner's indifference or refusal to grant you a more enduring kind of emotional security (or by obstacles that keep the two of you apart) - will almost certainly end after a period of six months to two years. And then, with luck, come the rewards of deeper and more satisfying relationships.

Redbook
October 1979 issue.

Note: Dorothy Tennov, PhD., is the author of "Psychotherapy: The Hazardous Cure" and "Superself: A Woman's Guide to Self Management." Her new book, "Love and Limerence: The Experience of Being in Love" is to be published by Stein & Day.

Answer for Last Issue

Crossword Puzzle

1	S	2	A	3	T	4	U	5	R	6	D	7	A	8	Y	9	N	10	I	11	G	12	H	13	T
13	O	14	P	15	E	16	N	17	E	18	L	19	D	20	S	21	U	22	N	23	D	24	A	25	E
16	C	17	O	18	L	19	D	20	E	21	R	22	I	23	W	24	O	25	N	26	T	27	B	28	A
20	I	21	S	22	L	23	E	24	A	25	S	26	A	27	A	28	L	29	S	30	O	31	I	32	R
26	A	27	T	28	R	29	E	30	N	31	E	32	G	33	A	34	D	35	E	36	I	37	T	38	
31	L	32	A	33	P	34	A	35	G	36	R	37	E	38	E	39	S	40	U	41	S	42	S	43	O
38	S	39	E	40	P	41	E	42	V	43	E	44	R	45	C	46	R	47	A	48	B	49	N	50	
43	B	44	Y	45	W	46	A	47	Y	48	E	49	S	50	M	51	A	52	N	53	G	54	E	55	R
48	O	49	S	50	W	51	A	52	N	53	E	54	A	55	T	56	I	57	D	58	E	59	A	60	
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60	A	61	P	62	E	63	K	64	N	65	E	66	E	67	L	68	T	69	O	70	E	71		72	
65	P	66	E	67	A	68	R	69	E	70	G	71	G	72	R	73	C	74	A	75	N	76	T	77	
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82	E	83	A	84	R	85	R	86	I	87	N	88	G	89	F	90	L	91	E	92	E	93	S	94	T
84	E	85	A	86	R	87	R	88	I	89	N	90	G	91	F	92	L	93	E	94	E	95	S	96	T

Madame Riot is

back from vacation
and ready to answer all letters.

If you are confused or troubled
or you just want advise send your
letters to Madame Riot
% Lightwire
Box 515
Kingston, Ont.

All letters are to be signed with
an alias and all
letters will be
answered.

P4W inmates may drop their letters in
the Madame Riot box at the Lightwire Office.

Sincerely
Madame
Riot!

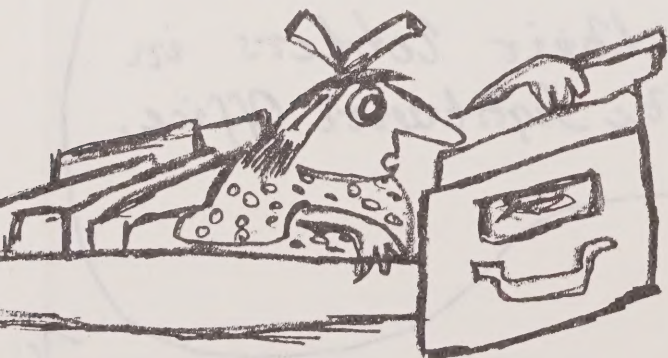
Dear Madame Riot,

Considering that the advice you gave me from my last correspondence failed, I wish to speak with you again. Because I enjoy fulfilling my fantasies whatever they may be, I wonder about myself. My mate tells me that I'm perverted and this disturbs me a great deal. I always believed that for me (I am normal) if another wishes to do the same, she too is normal. I do not force my fantasies on anyone, but even when I express myself to her, she always says, "Babe, you are really perverted," with a detection of a smile upon her lips and a certain sensuous movement of her body.

Can you tell me the answers to these questions:

1. Do you feel I am perverted because of my weird or kinky ideas involving sex?
2. Do you think that possibly my mate is telling me she wishes not to perform fantasies or is it that she wants to but doesn't know how to approach the ideas in the proper perspective?
3. What is the proper perspective to approach these acts in a bad setting?
4. And, "must I change and become boring with the same old thing without new ideas?"

Your answers mean a great deal to me because you could like a woman of many varieties of experiences dealing with all aspects of life. I await your response with enthusiasm and I hope this advice will be more effective than the last. Thank you.



Sincerely,

Blue Feather

Dear Blue Feather,

I'm sorry that you felt that our last correspondence wasn't beneficial, so I will therefore clarify as best I can. In answer to your questions: first of all, I think anyone who gets off on causing pain to another through the act of sex or any other means is not right in the head or in the heart; and secondly, obviously your mate does not want to be part of your fantasy, and should find somebody with more normal, down-to-earth tendencies.

1. I think you are terribly perverted and should talk to a shrink.

2. Your mate is probably telling you she doesn't want any part of it, but I can't honestly tell you that because I don't correspond with your mate. I'm taking for granted that she's normal.

3. I suggest that you consult one of the many magazines that dirty our lives with sadism acts, as I have no experiences in abnormal tendencies.

4. If you love one, sex is never boring. Personally, I like a different partner each time, but at the least, sex is a normal and loving act for which whips and chains are not needed.

I hope that you will consider my answers and if you still feel the same (that your fantasy is normal) the only answer I can give you is for you to look up other sadistic people who make a living out of destroying the love involved with sex. (Porno movies, magazines, etc.)

Sincerely,

Madame Riot

At one time or another, it seems that everyone here is diet conscious. People refer to just starting their diet, or having just broken their diet, or starting a diet next week. The calorie counter I hope will aid everyone with their attempts to diet.

Below, the "Balanced Diet" may also be of some benefit.

BREAKFAST

3 days a week, 1 oz. of cereal

4 days a week, 1 egg

Juice or fruit daily

LUNCH

3 oz. of fish or lean meat or

1 oz. cheese or cottage cheese

Juice or fruit

SUPPER

6 oz. of meat or fish or

2 oz. of cheese or cottage cheese

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup vegetables

Fruit or juice

DAILY YOU SHOULD HAVE:

3 tsps. butter or margarine

2 slices of bread (you can substitute bread for a small potato or $\frac{1}{2}$ cup spaghetti)

2-8 oz. glass of skim milk

WEEKLY YOU SHOULD HAVE:

3-5 servings of fish

2 servings of chicken

1 serving of liver

2 servings of beef

1 serving of pork

ALPHABETIC CALORIE CHART

Abalone, 4 oz. canned	90
Almonds, dried, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. shelled	425
roasted and salted, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.	711
roasted and salted, 10 nuts	63
roasted and unsalted, 10 nuts	61
roasted and salted, chopped, 1 T.	37
Anchovies, 4 fillets, canned	28
Anchovy paste, 1 oz.	40
Apple, 1 med. fresh	70
1 large, fresh	117
1 cup slices	83
1 large baked	158
Apple brown, Betty, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	175
Apple juice, 8 oz.	125
Apple Pie, 1/6 of 9" pie	373
Apple sauce, sweetened, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	100
Apple sauce, unsweetened, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	50
Apricots, fresh, 3 average	58
Apricots, sweetened, canned, 4 halves	105
Apricots, dried, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	195
Apricots, frozen, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweetened	128
Apricots, strained, canned, 1 oz.	17
Asparagus, 6 spears, canned	20
Asparagus, 6 spears, frozen	20
Asparagus, boiled, drained, 6	19
Avocados, $\frac{1}{2}$ average California	185
$\frac{1}{2}$ average Florida	157
Bacon, 2 slices broiled or fried, drained	98
Canadian 1 slice broiled or fried, drained	57
Bagel, med.	125
Bamboo shoots, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raw	20
Banana, large	120
Banana, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh slices	64
Banana cream pie, 1/6 of 9" pie	300
Banana fritter, 1	180
Barley, 2 T. pearled, dry	98
Bass, baked or broiled, 4 oz.	180
Bean sprouts, raw, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	16
Bean sprouts, raw, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup, soy	25
Beans: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup baked, canned	160
4 oz. canned barbeque	124
butter, frozen, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	313
green, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked	14
green, canned, 1 oz.	6
kidney, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked	115
lima, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked or canned	80
lima, 3 tbsp. frozen	110
navypea, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked	118
soup, homemade, 1 cup	260
wax, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boil d	16
wax, canned, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup with liquid	23
wax, frozen, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cut	25

Beans & frankfurters, canned, 4 oz.	164
Beans & groundbeef, canned, 4 oz.	140
Beef: brisket, lean & fat, 4 oz. braised	470
brisket, braised, lean only, 4 oz.	255
brisket, 3 med. slices	350
chuck, 4 oz., lean & fat, pot roasted	487
chuck, ground, 4 oz.	315
corned, 4 oz.	288
corned, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hash	145
chuck steak, lean & fat, 4 oz. broiled	517
club steak, lean, 4 oz. broiled	278
flank steak, 4 oz., lean only, pot roasted	223
lean only, 3 oz.	110
round, 3 oz.	197
rump, lean and fat, roasted, 4 oz.	237
sirloin, 4 oz., lean broiled	245
sirloin, 4 oz., lean & fat, broiled	555
short ribs, 4 oz.	485
steak, club, 4 oz.	330
steak, filet Mignon, 4 oz.	400
steak, flank, 4 oz.	280
steak, porterhouse, 4 oz.	290
steak, rib, 4 oz.	315
steak, tenderloin, 4 oz.	270
stew meat, chuck, 4 oz.	410
stew meat, round, 4 oz.	315
tongue, boiled, 4 oz.	268
Beef, corned, 4 oz. med. fat, boiled	425
lean, canned, 4 oz.	210
chipped or dried, uncooked, 4 oz.	231
Beef pie, frozen, 8 oz. pie	436
Beef stew, canned, 4 oz.	90
Beet greens, boiled, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	20
Beets: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup, boiled & drained	25
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup, canned with liquid	45
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup, canned and drained	30
Biscuits, 1 med.	130
1 small	82
Blackberries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh	42
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup, canned, heavy syrup	114
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup, juice packed, with liquid	65
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup, water packed, with liquid	50
Blood Pudding or sausage, 4 oz.	447
Blintzes, 1 small	152
Blueberries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh	43
canned, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup with syrup	126
canned, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup, water packed	47
frozen, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweetened	90
frozen, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup unsweetened	40
Bluefish, baked, 4 oz. with 2 tsp. butter	168
broiled, 4 oz. with 2 tsp. butter	180
fried, 4 oz.	230

con't...

Bockwurst, 4 oz.	300
Bologna, 2 oz., all meal	150
2 oz. with cereal	145
Bouillon cube, 1	5
Brains, 4 oz. raw	150
Braunschweiger, 4 oz	364
Brazil nuts, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. shelled	740
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shelled	458
4 oz.	100
Bread: Italian, slice	56
protein, slice	45
pumpernickel, 1 slice	74
raisin, 1 slice	63
rye, 1 slice	55
hite, 1 slice	
whole wheat, 1 slice	55
Bread sticks, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salted	871
Breadcrumbs, 1 T dry, grated	25
Broccoli, 2 large spears	65
boiled, drained, cut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	20
frozen, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped	28
frozen, 2 spears	55
Brown betty, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	250
Brussel sprouts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiled	25
frozen, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	35
Butter, 1 T salted or unsalted	100
Buttermilk, 8 oz. glass	86
Butternuts, 5 nuts	95
Cabbage: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup, raw, chopped	12
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup white, boiled, drained	17
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup, red, raw, shredded	15
Cake: angel, plain. 3" slice	155
cheese, 2" slice	250
cup cake, 1 average, plain	130
cup cake, 1 chocolate	200
fruitcake, $\frac{1}{4}$ " slice	70
gingerbread, 1 med. square	180
jelly roll, 1 med slice	150
marble, 1 med. slice	180
pound, 1 med. slice	125
sponge, 1" slice	75
Candy: almond joy bar, small	235
chocolate milk, 1 oz.	148
chocolate fudge, 1 oz.	125
gum drops, 1 large	50
jelly beans, 10 or 1 oz.	100
jujubes, 1 pc.	1
life savers, all flavours, 1 pc.	10
peanut brittle, 1 oz.	120
sourballs, 1	20
Cantaloupe: $\frac{1}{2}$ 5" diameter melon	55
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced	35

con't....

Carrotts, 1 average, raw	20
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup, canned with liquid	34
Casaba melon, fresh, 8 oz.	30
Cashew nuts, roasted, salted or unsalted, 6-8	84
Catsup, 1 T	18
Cauliflower, 1 cup cooked	28
1 cup frozen	45
Caviar, granular, 1 oz.	75
Celery, 1 stick	6
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup, raw, diced	9
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup, boiled, drained	9
soup, 1 cup, creamed	200
Cereal: all-bran, 1 cup	195
cheerios, 1 cup	100
corn flakes, 1 cup	80
cream of wheat, 1 cup, cooked	133
farina, instant cooking, 1 cup cooked	105
grapenuts, 1 cup	400
grapenut flakes, 1 cup	150
oat flakes, 1 cup	165
oatmeal, 1 cup, cooked	130
pep, 1 cup	106
puffed rice, 1 cup	51
rice krispies, 1 cup	106
shredded wheat, 1 biscuit	65
special K, 1 cup	70
wheat, rolled, 1 cup cooked	177
wheaties, 1 cup	108
Chard, Swiss, cooked, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	14
Cheese: blue or Roqueford, 1 oz.	105
cheddar or American, 1" cube	70
cheddar, processed, 1 oz.	105
Cottage cheeze, from skim milk: creamed, 1 cup	240
cream, 1 oz.	30
uncreamed, 1 cup	195
uncreamed, 1 oz.	25
cream cheese, 1 oz.	105
swiss, 1 oz. domestic	105
Cheese doodles, 10 pieces	25
Cheese straws, 1 oz.	128
Cheeries: raw, sweet, with stems, 1 cup	80
canned, red, sour, pitted, 1 cup	230
marashino, 2 average, bottled	20
Chestnuts, fresh, 2 large	29
dried, shelled, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	190
Chicken: broiled, 3 oz., flesh only	115
fried, $\frac{1}{2}$ brest	155
fried, drumstick	90
canned, boneless, 3 oz.	170
a ala king, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	235
pie, 8 oz. frozen	495
stew, 4 oz. canned	94

con't...

Chop suey, canned, with meat, 4 oz.	72
Chow mein, chicken, canned, without noodles, 4 oz.	43
Clams: raw, meat c ly, 3 oz.	65
canned, solids & liquids, 3 oz.	45
Fried, 5	125
steamed, with butter, 12	300
Cocoa, mix, powder, 2 heaping tsp.	50
Cocqanut, fresh, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded	170
fresh, 2" square x $\frac{1}{2}$ "	156
dried, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweetened	179
Coconut milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	27
Cod, 4 oz. broiled with butter	195
Coffee, 1 cup, instant, plain	3
Coffee, 1 cup, prepared, plain	2
Cookies: 1 butter	41
1 chocolate	49
1 chocolate chip	60
1 creme sandwich	50
1 fig newton	60
1 ginger snap	32
1 graham cracker	18
1 lemon snap	17
1 macaroon	85
1 oatmeal	61
1 peanut	34
1 social tea	21
1 sugar wafer	18
1 vanilla wafer	14
1 waffle creme	48
Corn: 1 ear, boiled, drained, on cob	70
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup, boiled, drained, kernals,	69
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup, canned, cream style	95
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup, canned, whole kernals	70
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup, frozen, with butter sauce	100
Corn fritter, 1	95
Cornstarch, 1 T	29
Cowpeas, canned, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup with liquid	71
Crabmeat, 4 oz.	120
Crabapples, 1 average	30
Cracker meal, 1 T	45
Crackers: ritz, 1	17
saltines, 1	15
soda, 1	25
triangle thins, 1	9
triscuits, 1	22
Cranberries: fresh, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	100
juice, cocktail, 8 oz.	165
sauce, jellied, canned, 4 oz.	185
sauce, whole, canned, 4 oz.	195

Cream: light or table, 1 T	31
half and half, 1 T	20
heavy, 1 T	51
sour, 1 T	30
whipped, 1 T	25
Crisco, 1 T	108
Cucumber, 1 med. raw, pared	30
Dandelion greens, raw, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.	50
Dates, natural, dry, 1	20
Doughnuts, 1 cake type	130
1 jelly	174
Duck, 4 oz., meat only, roasted	350
Eggs: 1 whole, large, raw	80
1 whole, fried, med.	110
1 omelette, plain	110
1 cheese omelette	300
1 Spanish omelette	335
Fats, cooking & vegetable, 1 T	110
Figs, 3 small raw	90
dried, large, 1	60
Filberts, 10-12 shelled	95
Fish cakes, fried, 2	300
Fish sticks, frozen, cooked, 6	250
Flounder, 4 oz. cooked	85
baked, with butter, 4 oz.	222
Frankfurters, cooked, 1 average	150
Fruit cocktail, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup, canned with syrup	100
Fruit salad, canned, 4 T.	200
Garlic, 1 average clove	3
Gelatin, prepared, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	60
Goose, roasted, meat only, 4 oz.	260
Gooseberries, fresh, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	30
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup, canned with syrup	105
Grapefruit, raw, med., $\frac{1}{2}$	60
canned with syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	90
juice, 1 cup, fresh	95
juice, frozen, sweetened, 6 oz.	350
Grapes, raw, American type, 1 cup	65
raw, European type, 1 cup	95
Grapejuice, bottled or canned, 1 cup	165
Gravy, 4 T	135
Grits, cooked, 1 cup	160
Gum, chewing, 1 stick	10
Haddock, frozen, 2 fillets, 4 oz.	88
3 oz. fried	140
Ham, light cured, lean & fat, roasted, 3 oz.	245
sliced, boiled, 3 oz.	200
spiced, canned, 2 oz.	165
canned, deviled, 4 oz.	400
Hazelnuts, 10	100
Headcheese, 2 oz.	155
Heart, beef, lean, 4 oz.	120
chicken, 4 oz., boiled	195

con't....

Herring, 1 med. Atlantic	210
1 med. Pacific	110
kippered, 2 oz.	120
marinated, with cream, small piece	140
pickled, Bismark, 2	250
smoked, kippered, 4 oz.	240
Hickorynuts, 10 small	70
Honey, 1 T strained	65
Honeydew melon, 1 wedge, med.	50
Horseradish, 1 T	5
Ice cream: chocolate, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint	150
coffee, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint	175
custard, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint	155
milk sherbert, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint	145
strawberry, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint	185
vanilla, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint	150
Ice Cream cone, sugar, 1	37
Ice Cream Sandwich, 1	210
Jams and preserves, all flavours, 1 T	55
Jellies, 1 T	55
Junket, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup with whole milk	115
Kidney, beef or veal, 4 oz.	160
Kidneys, lamb, 4 oz.	120
Kidneys, pork, 4 oz.	135
Knockwurst, 4 oz.	315
Lamb trimmed, cooked, lean and fat, 4 oz.	400
lean only, 2.6 oz.	140
leg, roasted and fat, 3 oz.	235
leg, roasted, lean only	130
Lard, 1 T	123
Leeks, raw, 1 med.	15
Lemon juice, fresh, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	30
fresh, 1 T.	5
canned or bottled, 1 T	3
frozen, concentrated, 1 T.	17
Lemonade, 8 oz. frozen, diluted	110
pink, 8 oz. frozen, diluted	100
Lemons, fresh, 1 average	20
Lettuce, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	25
Lime juice, 1 T fresh	5
Limeade, 8 oz. glass frozen, diluted	100
Lime, 1 average, fresh	20
Liver, beef, fried, 2 oz.	130
Lobster, canned or cooked, 6 oz.	135
average, baked or broiled	315
Macaroni, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiled, 8-10 min.	95
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiled, 14-16 min.	78
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup with cheese	235
Mackeral, broiled with butter, 4 oz.	262
Malted milk powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ T	100
Margarine, 1 T	100
Margarine, pat or square	50
Mayonnaise, 1 T	110
Meat loaf, beef and pork, 2 slices	500
Meatballs, 2 average	300

con't...

Melon balls, frozen, 4 oz.	38
Milk, cow's, 8 oz. glass whole	160
evaporated, unsweetened, 1 cup	345
Molasses, 1 T	50
Muffins, bran, 1 average	105
blueberry, 1 average	125
corn, 1 average	105
English, 1 average	125
raisin, 1 average	130
whole wheat, 1 average	120
Mushrooms, raw, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.	30
canned, 4 oz. with fluid	20
Mussels, raw, meat only, 4 oz.	108
Mustard, prepared, 1 T	10
Nectarines, 1 average fresh	30
Noodles, egg, cooked, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	100
Oil, corn, 1 T	122
olive, 1 T	125
peanut, 1 T	124
salad, 1 T	124
Okra, boiled, drained, 8 average	25
frozen, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	35
Olives, 5 large green	35
5 green stuffed, med.	65
ripe or black, 5 large	43
Onion rings, frozen, 4 oz.	145
Onions, 1 T chopped raw	4
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiled, drained	30
4 average, sour, pickled	4
Oranges, raw, California	60
raw, Florida	75
Orange juice, 1 cup California	115
1 cup Florida	100
1 cup, canned, unsweetened	110
Orange and Grapefruit juice, frozen, conc., diluted	325
Pancakes, 4" diameter	55
1 buckwheat	60
1 wheat	60
Parsnips, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiled, drained	50
Pastrami, 2 oz.	171
Pastry, apple turnover, 1	270
Danish, 1 small	205
Peaches, 1 average, fresh	35
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned with syrup	100
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweetened frozen, sliced	100
Peanut Butter, 1 T	95
Peanuts, raw $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. shelled	640
roasted, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. shelled	660
roasted & salted, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb;	660
Pears, 1 fresh average	100
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned with syrup	97
Peas, fresh, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiled	58
canned $\frac{1}{2}$ cup with liquid	70
frozen, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	70
split, boiled, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	115
Peas & carrots, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup frozen	51

con't...

Pecans, whole, 6	105
1 T chopped	50
Peppers, raw, open, 1 average	15
Perch, 4 oz. raw, white	135
Pickle relish, 1 T barbeque	85
1 T hamburger	31
1 T sweet	18
Pickles, 1 large dill	18
1 large sour	15
1 average sweet	30
Pie: 1/7 of 9" diameter - apple	345
cherry	355
custard	280
lemon meringue	305
mince	365
pumpkin	275
Pineapple, 1 slice fresh	45
1 large slice canned with syrup	90
Pineapple juice, 8 oz. glass, unsweetened, canned	138
frozen, unsweetened, 8 oz. glass diluted	130
Pineapple-grapefruit juice, canned 8 oz. glass	135
Pineapple-orange juice, 8 oz. glass, canned	135
Pistachio nuts, 1/8 lb. shelled	338
Pizza Pie, average wedge	240
Plums, 1 fresh average damson	36
1 fresh average, prune type	24
canned, purple with syrup, 4 plums	135
Popcorn, 1 cup plain	54
popped, sugar-coated, 2 oz.	218
Pork: lean only, 1.7 oz. chop	130
lean and fat, 2.3 oz. chop	260
roast, lean and fat, 3 oz.	310
roast, lean only, 2.4 oz.	175
sparerib, 4 med.	168
tenderloin, 4 oz.	280
Potato chips, 10	115
Potatoes: 1 med. baked, peeled after baking	90
1 med. boiled, peeled after boiling	105
1 med. boiled, peeled before boiling	80
1 cup mashed with milk	125
1 cup mashed with milk & butter	185
10 pieces French Fries	155
10 pieces frozen, heated	125
Potatoes, sweet, 1 average baked	155
1 average boiled	170
1 small candied	315
Pretzels, 10 small sticks	40
1 large pretzel	134
Prunes, 1 large dried	20
Prune juice, canned, 1 cup	200
Pumpkin, 1/2 cup canned	38

88

con't...

Rabbit, 4 oz., stewed, meat only	245
Radishes, 4 small, without tops	5
Raisins, dried, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup	115
Raspberries, 1 cup black	100
1 cup red	70
Rhubarb, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked, sweetened	195
Rice, white, cooked, 1 cup	185
brown, cooked, 1 cup	200
fried, 1 cup	260
Spanish, 1 cup	175
Rolls, plain, 1	115
hard, round, 1	160
frankfurter, 1	160
hamburger, 1	150
sweet, 1	135
Rutabagas, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiled, drained	35
Salad (lettuce) head 4" in diameter	30
Salad dressing, 1 T blue cheese	85
1 T French	63
1 T mayonnaise	105
1 T Roqueford	85
1 T Russian	106
Salami, 4 oz. cooked	352
Salmon, 4 oz. canned, Atlantic	230
4 oz. canned, pink	165
4 oz. canned red	195
Sardines, canned in brine, 4 oz.	220
canned in oil, 4 oz.	190
canned in tomato sauce, 4 oz.	225
Sauces, barbeque, 1 T	18
chocolate, 1 T	65
fudge, 1 T	85
soy, 1 T	9
Tartar, 1 T	95
tomato, canned, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup	40
Sauerkraut, 1 cup canned with liquid	40
Sausage, pork, 4 oz. brown & serve	480
4 oz., link or bulk, cooked	538
4 oz., links, smoked, country style	390
4 oz., canned, drained	435
4 oz. Vienna, canned	275
Scallops, 4 oz., bay or sea, steamed	128
4 oz., breaded, fried, frozen, reheated	225
4 oz. broiled	175
Shortening, 1 T	100
Shrimp, canned, meat only, 4 oz.	135
Smelt, fried, 2 small	250
Sole, fillets, 2 frozen	88
Soup, canned ready to serve, 1 cup, bean with pork	170
" " beef noodles	70
" " beef boullion, broth	30
" " chicken noodle	65
" " clam chowder	85
" " corn chowder	200
" " green pea	130
" " cream of mushroom	210
" " onion	50

con't...

Soup, con't	
tomatoe, 1 cup	90
vegetable with beef	80
Spaghetti, boiled 8-10 minutes, drained, 1 cup	195
boiled 14-20 minutes, drained, 1 cup	155
canned in tomato sauce with cheese, 4 oz.	86
Spinach, raw, 4 oz. trimmed	20
boiled, 1 cup	42
frozen, leaf, 1 cup	50
frozen, chopped, 1 cup	46
Strawberries, 1 cup fresh	55
frozen, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup halves	155
frozen, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup whole	100
Sugar, 1 T granulated	45
1 lump	25
1 T powdered	30
1 T brown	50
Sweetbreads, 4 oz. beef braised	363
4 oz. calf braised	191
4 oz. lamb braised	198
Syrups, 1 T chocolate	49
1 T corn	57
1 T maple	50
1 T light molasses	50
1 T blackstrap molasses	43
Tangerine, 1 average	40
Tangerine juice, frozen, unsweetened, glass	115
Tangerine juice, canned, 8 oz. glass sweetened	125
Tea bags or loose, 1 cup plain prepared	1
Tea, instant, prepared, plain 1 cup	4
Toast Melba, 1 slice	25
Tomatoes, canned, stewed, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	33
juice, 8 oz. glass canned	46
juice cocktail, canned 8 oz.	51
Tongue, 4 oz. beef braised	277
2 oz. deviled, or potted, canned	165
2 oz. pickled	151
Tuna, canned, in oil, drained, solids, 4 oz.	225
canned, in water, with liquid, 4 oz.	144
pie, frozen, 8 oz.	452
Turkey, roasted, 4 oz. dark meat	230
roasted, 4 oz., light meat	200
8 oz. turkey pie frozen	447
turkey potted, 4 oz.	283
Turnip greens, boiled $\frac{1}{2}$ cup	15
Turnips, boiled, drained	36
Veal: cutlet, without bone, broiled, 3 oz.	185
roast, med. fat, 3 oz.	230
Waffles, 1 medium	215
Walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup black halves	315
$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. English shelled	438
1 T English chopped	52
Watermelon, fresh, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cubes or balls	26
fresh, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	26
Yogurt, 1 cup skimmed milk	120

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